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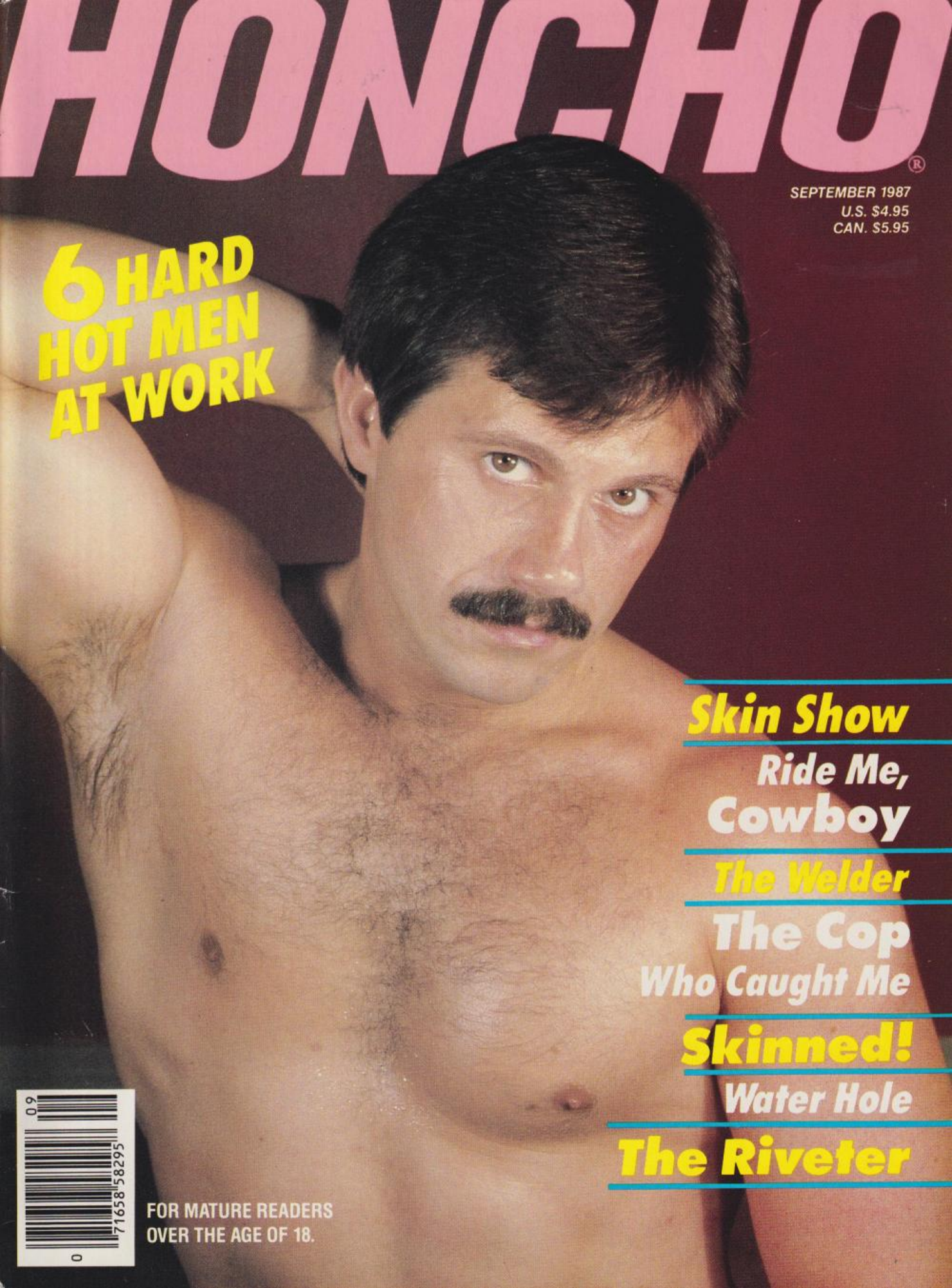

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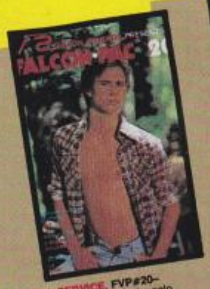

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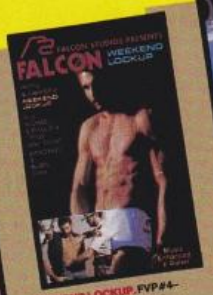

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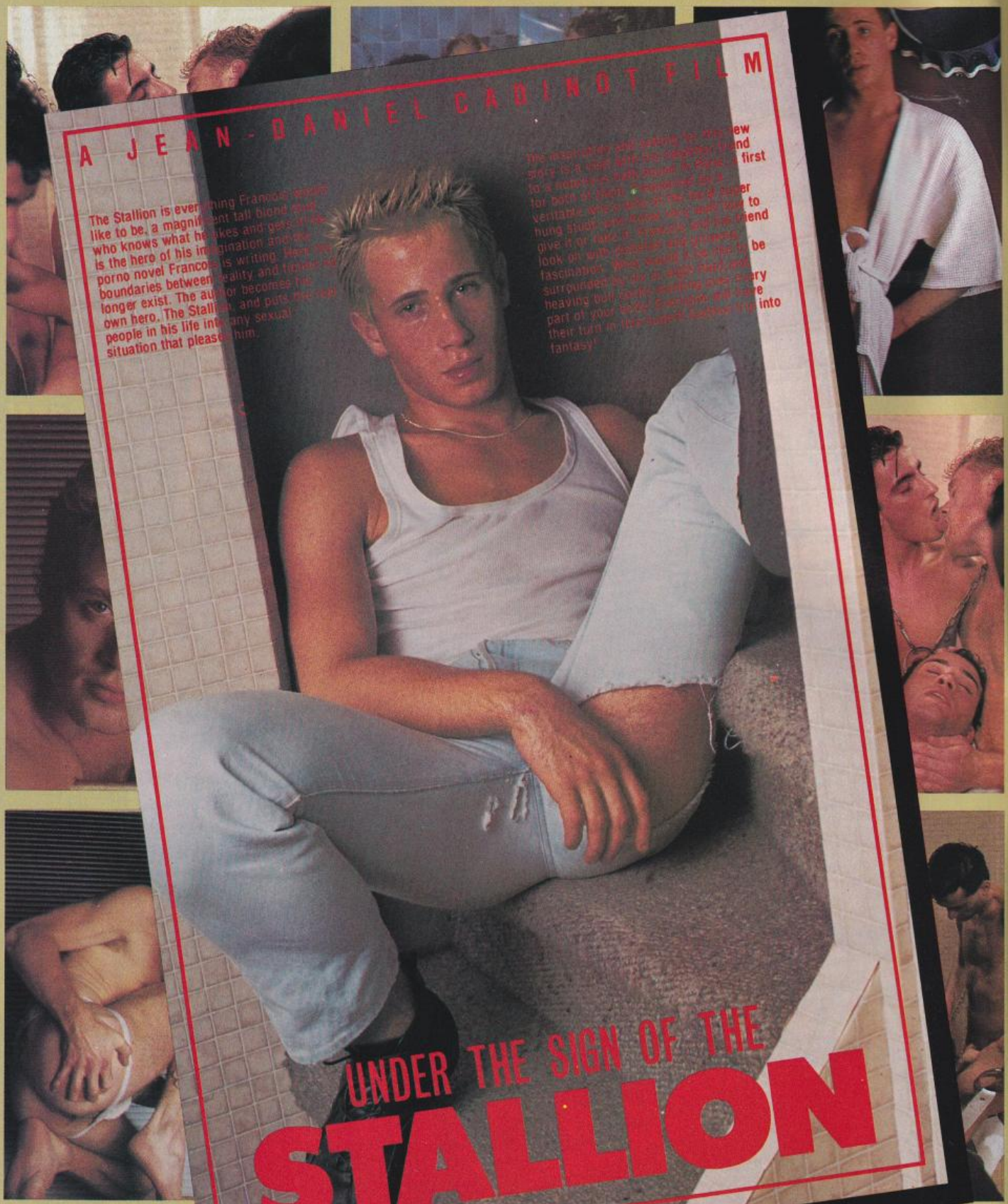

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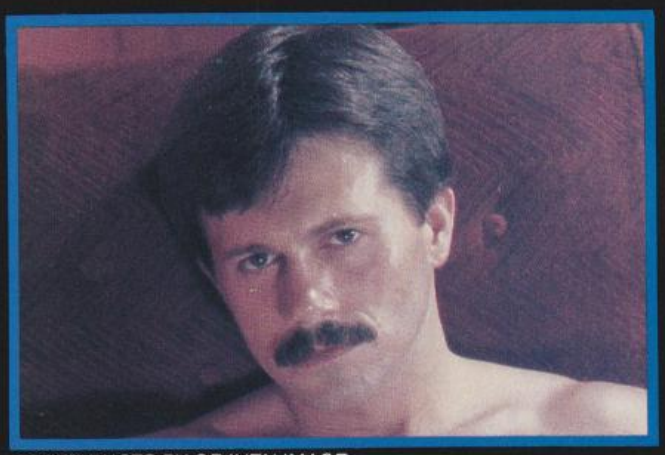

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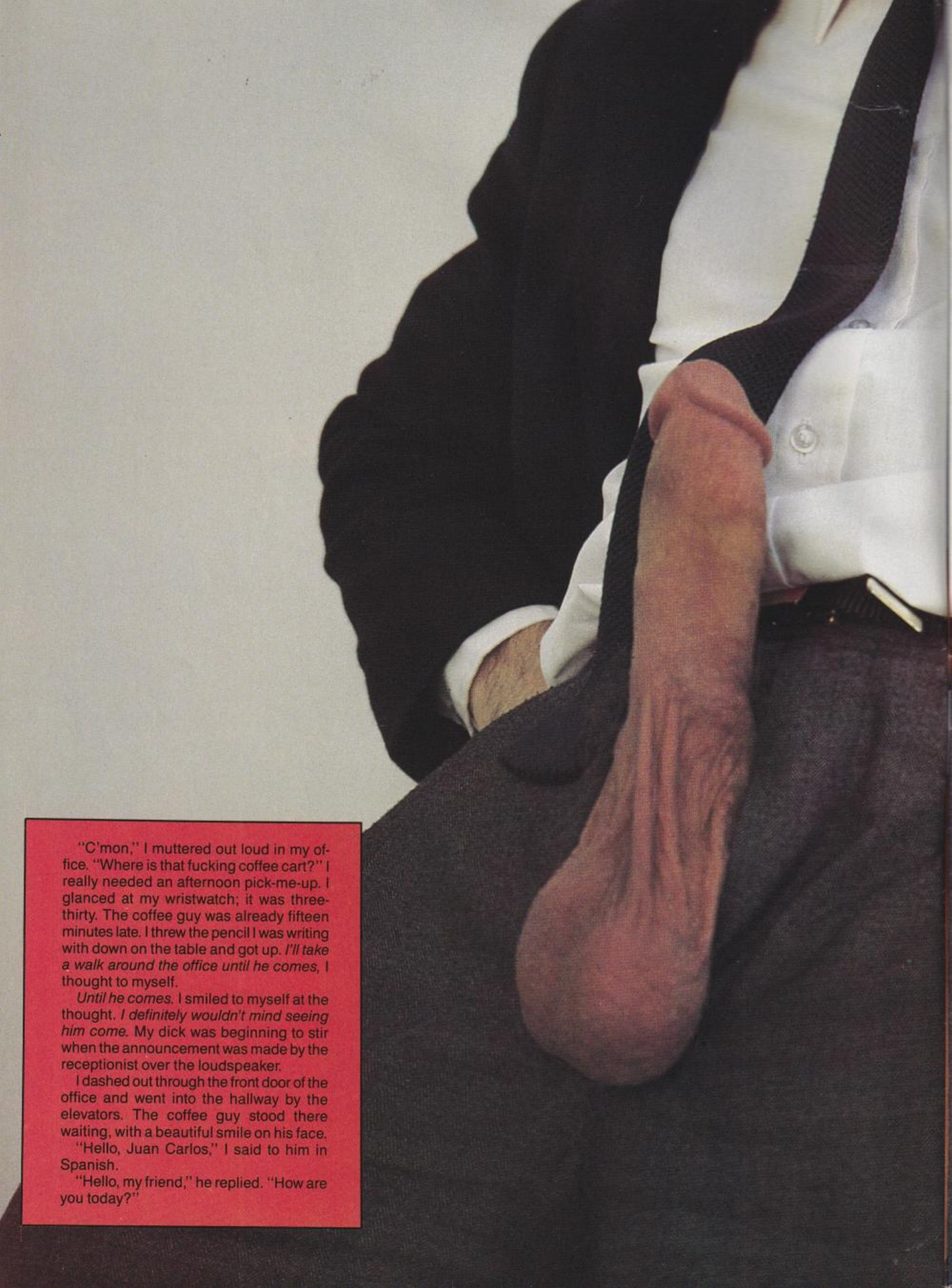


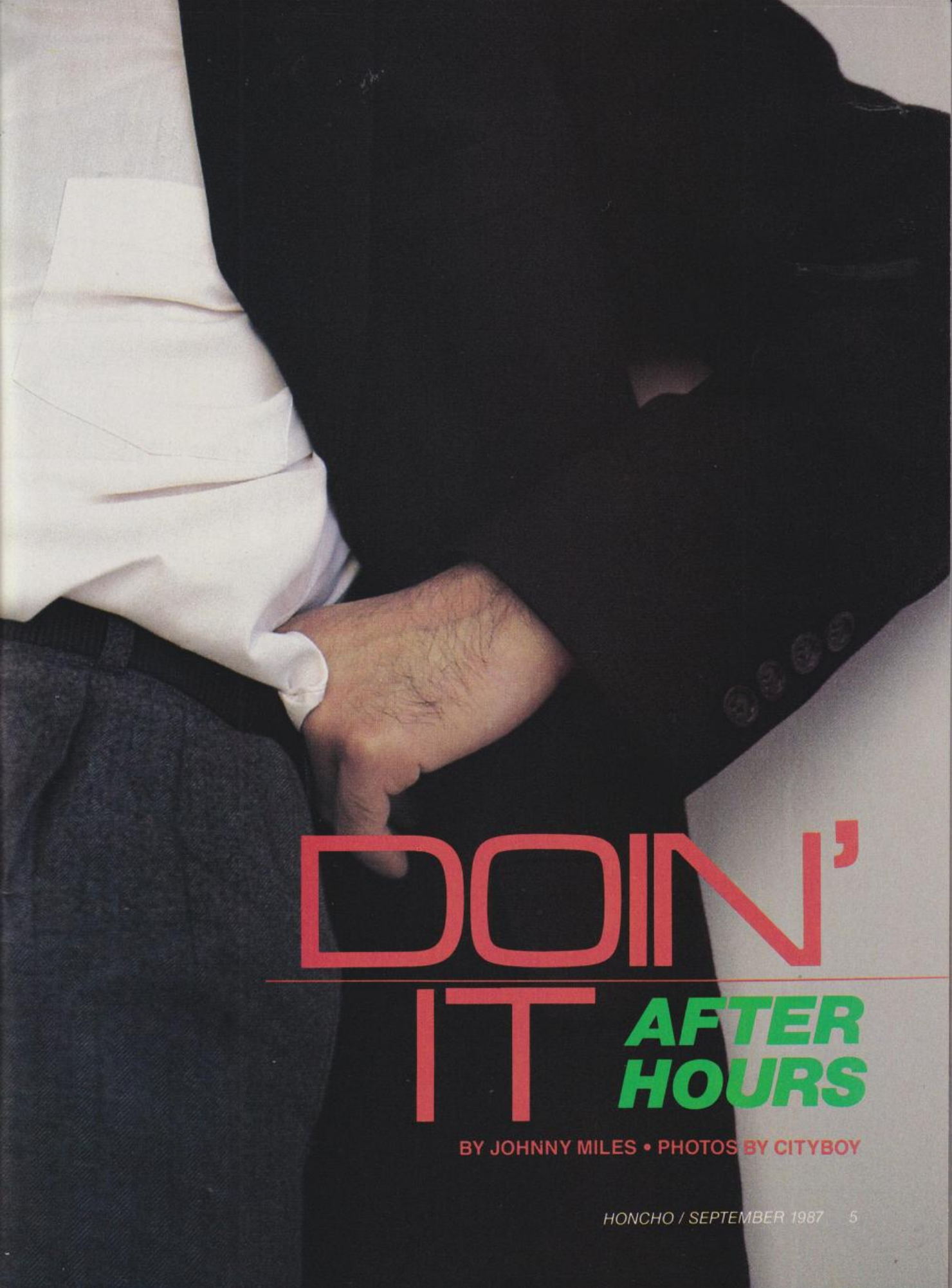
"C'mon," I muttered out loud in my office. "Where is that fucking coffee cart?" I really needed an afternoon pick-me-up. I glanced at my wristwatch; it was three-thirty. The coffee guy was already fifteen minutes late. I threw the pencil I was writing with down on the table and got up. *I'll take a walk around the office until he comes,* I thought to myself.

Until he comes. I smiled to myself at the thought. *I definitely wouldn't mind seeing him come.* My dick was beginning to stir when the announcement was made by the receptionist over the loudspeaker.

I dashed out through the front door of the office and went into the hallway by the elevators. The coffee guy stood there waiting, with a beautiful smile on his face.

"Hello, Juan Carlos," I said to him in Spanish.

"Hello, my friend," he replied. "How are you today?"



DOIN' IT AFTER HOURS

BY JOHNNY MILES • PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

Like many of my coworkers, I couldn't wait for the coffee cart to come to our office. It wasn't so much the coffee as it was the hot Latino worker who made my afternoon break so special. Juan Carlos was one sexy number and the focal point of many of my fantasies. I wondered what it would be like to see him naked, to touch him, to feel the warmth of his slim, smooth, sexy body.

"Better now that you're here," I said. He smiled a little. "I really need this cup of coffee," I said, not wanting him to think I was being pushy. His smile broadened and I felt myself melt.

Juan Carlos had started working the afternoon cart just a couple of weeks ago. He was a dark blond, with the face of an angel. His mouth was wide and generous; his eyes were the eyes of an innocent little boy. And when he smiled, his whole body smiled. I wondered what it would be like to touch him, to lie beside him naked and feel the warmth of his slim, smooth body.

I shook my head to clear it of such thoughts and handed him the money for the cup of coffee. Still smiling, he gave me a little nod and a wink. I walked away and headed back toward my office, thinking that if my chance didn't come some other way, I was going to wind up raping the poor boy.

As I sat behind my desk trying to do some work, my mind kept drifting to Juan Carlos. I kept seeing that beautiful smile, that innocent-looking face, that tongue seductively licking his lips. I imagined him coming home to an empty apartment and slowly taking his clothes off. My cock hardened at the thought of him lying back in bed amidst rumpled sheets which he'd had no time to fix that morning. I envisioned him reaching into the bulge of his Jockeys and beginning to play with his soft cock.

I tried to stop thinking about him, tried to think of other things, of business, but it didn't work. I was too hard and much too horny now. Hoping that my cock wouldn't rip through my tight slacks, I got up again and walked down the hallway.

"Coming back for more?" he asked from behind his coffee cart.

I smiled at him, a little embarrassed. I felt as if he knew what I was going to do and that he was the cause. "No," I replied, "just a trip to the john."

"Oh, yeah? Me, too." I thought I saw him glance down at my crotch, but I couldn't be sure. "I really have to go bad, but I don't have the key to the men's room on this floor."

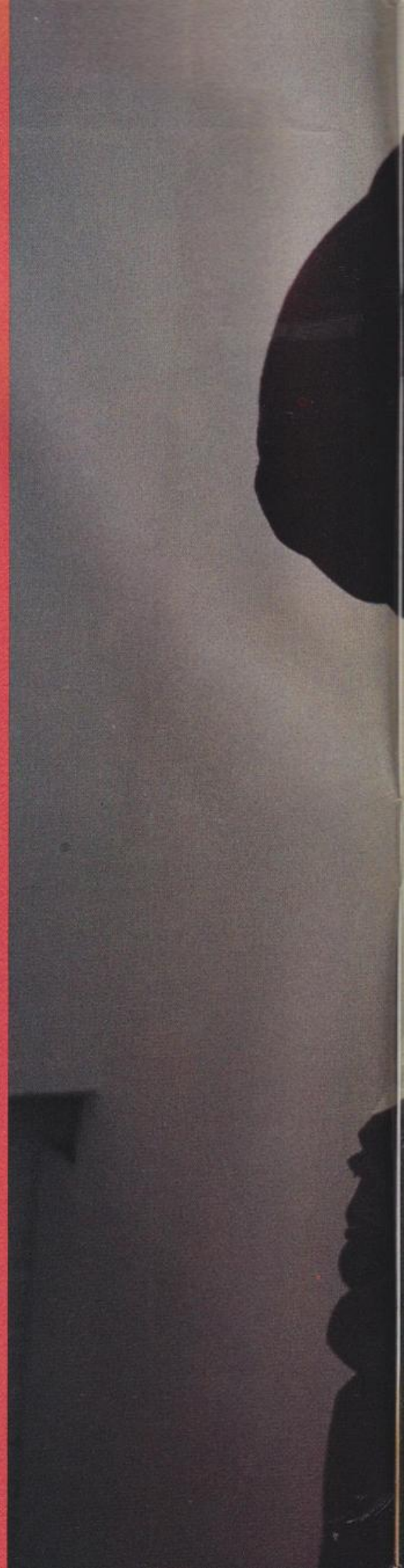
I held the door open for him to go in first, swallowed nervously, then smiled. "Yeah, I know what you mean."

I stepped into a stall and closed the door behind me, then pulled my pants down and sat on the toilet. My hard cock was pulsing in my fist, my heart was thumping loudly, and the blood was pounding in my head. I heard Juan Carlos step up to the urinal beside my stall and pull his zipper down. I looked down and saw his sneakered feet. How I wanted to be standing there beside him, watching him as he hauled out his Spanish cock and held it in his hand. I wanted to hold it for him; to be quite honest, I wanted to do more than hold it.

As I sat there looking at his feet, I stroked the thick shaft of my cock and listened to the sound of urine hitting the porcelain. It was a forceful sound. I wondered how big his loads were.

"Ah," he sighed when he was finished. "That was good."

"Yeah, I'll bet," I said, daring myself to open the stall door and lure him inside. I wanted him to leave his limp cock hanging out of his pants. I would take it in my mouth and suck on it while I played with his balls and fisted my own cock. But I didn't take my dare. I watched his pants cuffs move



"I won't be long," Juan Carlos said as he went to his locker. He unbuttoned his shirt and peeled it off. I stared at his back as my cock stiffened. He turned around and looked at me, a sweet, innocent smile on his face. He turned back around and I heard him unzip his fly. I squeezed my crotch while Juan Carlos pulled down his pants. He caught me in the act. "Just wanted to make sure you weren't going to try anything funny."

slightly up and down as he shook out his cock. I heard him stuff his cock back into his pants, zip up, then walk to the sinks, which were in front of the stalls. I could see his feet through the bottom of the door.

My balls were aching for release now. "Hey, Juan Carlos."

"Yeah?"

"Why don't we get together after work some night and go out for a drink?"

"Thank you, but I don't drink."

"Oh," I said, wondering what would happen now. I could have kicked myself for speaking without thinking in the first place. "Well, maybe a cup of coffee." I was anxious to go out with him, to get to know him a little, and I didn't want him to get away from me.

"Thank you," he said, "but I don't think I can."

"Oh?"

"I have to go home to my wife."

"Your wife?" I was disappointed. He looked much too young to be married, no more than eighteen. "You're too young to be a family man," I said in jest.

Juan Carlos chuckled. He turned the faucet off and I could hear him drying his hands. "How old do you think I am?"

"Eighteen," I replied.

He laughed again. "Well, you're wrong," he said with what I imagined to be a smile on his face. "I'm flattered, but you're wrong. I'm twenty-nine."

"Bullshit."

"It's true. I'll be thirty this week. Actually, my birthday is tomorrow."

"Is it, now?"

"Yeah."

"Are you going to celebrate?"

"Some of my buddies are going to take me out to dinner."

"What about your wife?"

"She doesn't like my friends. But that's okay, because I don't like her friends either."

For a long moment I didn't speak. I only wondered what his buddies looked like, what they would do after dinner, and whether Juan Carlos would fool around under the right circumstances. I heard him scratching, and wondered what it was he had scratched.

"Well, I guess I'll see you tomorrow," he said after an awkward moment of silence. "And who knows? Maybe someday I'll take you up on your offer for a cup of coffee."

"Whenever you want. Let me know. See you tomorrow," I replied, mentally kicking myself for not being daring enough to make a move, to invite him inside the stall.

Juan Carlos shuffled away, almost as if he didn't want to leave. Then I heard the door open and close. I bent down and peeked under the stall. I could see Juan Carlos's feet. He hadn't left yet. He stood there for a moment, as if hesitating; then finally he walked away.

"Shit!" I muttered to myself, and went back to my imagination. I leaned back against the wall of the stall, stroked my cock, and tried to imagine what would have happened had I been daring enough to open the stall door.

As I imagined the size and thickness of Juan Carlos' cock, I cupped my balls and squeezed them. I envisioned Juan Carlos rolling over in his bed onto his stomach, exposing his smooth, round buns. I imagined running my palms over them, their warmth enveloping my hands. I would eat his sweet virgin ass, then fuck him with my thick, juicy cock, and Juan Carlos would moan and writhe underneath me, biting the sheets to keep from crying out in pleasure.

I came unexpectedly, spurting my load onto my belly in thick, creamy globs. After my breathing was back to normal, I dipped my fingers into the pool of cum on my belly and stuck them in my mouth, pretending that it was Juan Carlos' load.

God, I wanted to get into Juan Carlos' pants!

Later that evening, about an hour after quitting time, I got up, stretched, and decided to call it a day. I gathered myself together and, armed with the thought of Juan Carlos and my little tryst earlier that afternoon, left the office and headed for the elevators.

I got on and was absent-mindedly scratching my crotch when the elevator stopped at the eighth floor. The doors opened and all I saw was the coffee cart as it was being pushed inside and, from behind the other end, Juan Carlos' slender, well-defined arms.

"Juan Carlos!" I exclaimed.

He looked up and smiled when he saw me. "Hey, Johnny! Staying late tonight, huh?"

"Yeah, I had a lot of work to do. What are you doing still here? Don't you leave at five?"

He shook his head. "I work until six. Going home?"

"I don't know. I was thinking of stopping off at a bar near here."

He looked at me and smiled wickedly. "Nice to live alone, huh? Bet you get to use your dick a lot."

I'd never heard him say anything like that and it excited me. "Actually, no, I don't get to use my dick a lot," I replied.

"You don't?" He lowered his head and shook it slowly. Then he chuckled. "Me neither." He looked at me with that forever innocent smile and then turned away and punched the basement button. "Do you mind if we stop off at the basement first?" he asked. "I'm a little late and I want to get rid of this stuff so I can get home."

"No, not at all," I replied, and down we went. "I've never been to the basement before," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Never?"

I shook my head.

"There's not much down there. You can come see it if you like."

"Sure, why not?" I said with a shrug. I didn't really want to see the basement. I only wanted to get home, shower, and pull

out my trusty bottle of baby oil and a fuck tape. I wanted to spend the evening masturbating and holding back my load for as long as possible.

"Here we are," he said as the doors opened onto a dimly lit corridor.

I held them open for him as he pushed the cart out, then stepped into the basement. Pipes ran along the length of the hallway ceiling, and fluorescent lights hung about a foot below the pipes, giving everything a gray, somber tone.

We made a right and came to a door marked "Kitchen." Juan Carlos reached into his pocket, pulled out some keys and unlocked the door, and we went inside. It was a small room with a huge walk-in refrigerator running alongside one of the walls, a large metal sink, and a counter next to it. There was a small stove on the other side of the sink where the hot meals were cooked. Juan Carlos opened the refrigerator door and pushed the entire cart inside.

"There," he said and closed the door.

He turned around and stood in front of me with his hands on his hips. I looked at him, trying to tell him with my eyes how much I wanted him, how hungry I was for his cock. I looked down at his crotch and swallowed hard. There was an obvious bulge in his pants.

"You want to wait while I change?" he asked. "I'll go back up with you."

"Uh. . .okay," I replied, wondering what he was going to change into.

"I won't be long," he said, and started unbuttoning his jacket. Then he unbuttoned and peeled off his shirt. He turned around and looked at me with that sweet, innocent smile of his, then turned back around and unzipped his pants.

I didn't know what to do. I put my hands in my pockets, then pulled them out. Then I squeezed at my crotch while Juan Carlos pulled his pants down and stepped out of them. I squeezed my bulging crotch as he bent over to pick up his pants. He got up and spun around quickly, as if trying to catch me. He did; I had been rubbing my cock with the back of my hand.

"Uh-huh," he said with a smile. "Just wanted to make sure you weren't going to try anything funny."

"Funny?" I asked. "Like what?"

"When I was in school, in the locker room, whenever a guy bent over, we said that he wanted it up the ass. Some of my buddies and I would slap the guy's ass or come up behind him and hump him, you know, as if we were fucking him."

"Yeah? Sounds like you could have gotten into trouble."

Juan Carlos laughed. "No way," he said. "Some of them liked it. As a matter of fact, just joking around, instead of slapping this guy on the ass, I stuck my finger out, and I was going to shove my finger up his ass. I only wanted to surprise the kid. Well, imagine my surprise when my finger slid up his asshole! All the way!"

"Aw, come on," I said, "that's impossible unless you have absolutely perfect aim. Besides, a person's asshole isn't that open. There *is* some resistance, you know."

"Well, my aim *was* good. Besides, it was the school cocksucker.

"The school cocksucker?"

It seems every school has at least one male and one female wimp that everybody steps on—one brain, one jock, one dyke, and one cocksucker. Those reputations have a way of sticking to you all through high school, so everybody makes a point of not being seen with the school cocksucker. But at my school, after classes were over, a few of us would line up in the showers in front of Barry, our school cocksucker, and dump our loads in his mouth or all over his face. Other times, Freddy, a big, bulky, red-haired quarterback with a cock the size of a baseball bat, would force Barry onto one of the benches, and we would line up behind him to shoot our loads up his ass. This went on until the coach walked in on us one afternoon. I never saw Barry after that.

"Yeah," said Juan Carlos, "the school cocksucker. He would suck all the guys off behind a row of lockers that were hardly ever used. If you wanted to fuck him, he would let you so long as you used a rubber. He always had his asshole greased up. That's why my finger went all the way up his ass."

My cock was ready to burst. I looked down at Juan Carlos' near-naked body and almost gasped. His cock was rock hard and jutting out in front of him, making a tent out of his white briefs.

"Yeah, well, looks to me as if you wish he were here," I said, finally making my move.

He smiled his innocent boy's smile and nodded toward my crotch. "Looks like you wish he were here, too."

I smiled sheepishly and felt myself blushing. He saw it and laughed.

"Would you like me to tell you about the time I fucked him?" he said teasingly.

I didn't know what to say. I swallowed hard and tried to speak, but I couldn't.

Then he was walking toward me. I froze. My cock was bursting as he stood before me. "C'mon," he said. "Why don't you get out of your clothes?"

At the invitation, my inhibitions seemed to vanish, and I quickly stripped down to my underwear. We stood facing each other in only our briefs and white socks.

"You have a nice body," Juan Carlos said. "My friend would have liked you."

"Would he?"

"Yeah," he replied, biting on his lower lip and looking at me with a wicked stare. Then, after a moment of silence, he spoke again. "Would you like to see my dick?"

I thought I would die. I nodded and watched as he reached inside his Jockeys and hauled out a pink, eight-inch, cut cock.

"My friends, when they got their dicks sucked by my friend, he would sometimes sit on the bench. I always made him get on his knees when he sucked me. I got off on watching him sucking my fat cock into his throat, watching his lips stretch and his face turn red when he swallowed it all the way to the balls. I liked to look down and watch him playing with himself while he sucked me off."

"Would you like me to suck it for you?"

Juan Carlos smiled and nodded. I reached out and touched his cock. After all this time of wondering what it looked like, I actually had it in my hand. I was going to make the most of it.

I wrapped my fist around it and pumped it a few times. Juan Carlos threw his head back and moaned. I got down on my knees and stuck the tip of my tongue into his piss slit. A drop of pre-cum oozed out and trickled into my mouth. It tasted every bit as sweet as mine did.

I kissed the tip of his cock and played with his balls while I licked the entire length of his throbbing shaft. Then, not being able to stand it any longer, Juan Carlos grabbed my head in his hands and thrust his cock

Continued to page 28

COCKSUCKER'S DELIGHT

STORY & ART BY PIERCE

Every morning he was out there jogging, and with every passing day I got more obsessed with him. I would see his jock out on the clothesline and go crazy; I wanted the jock, but not the freshly laundered one, since that would be like having meat without potatoes. I wanted to smell the sweat from the man's balls captured by the caressing mesh that held his three-piece set. Not only did I want the meat and potatoes, I wanted the gravy, too.

The routine never varied. Every morning, at six A.M., rain, sleet or snow, that man jogged. In his bright blue sweats, red baseball cap and body by Nautilus, he bounded into the narrow alley below my house, still rubbing sleep from those blue-green eyes. His short, curly hair peeked around the edges of his cap, worn low on his forehead, the bill turned upward.

Some mornings he seemed to have a hard-on still, as if he'd jumped out of bed without going to the toilet to relieve his bladder, thrown on his sweats, and immediately headed for the park about half a mile away. He'd return at exactly seven, enter the house, which was situated at the back of my lower lot, and a few minutes later appear on his back porch with wet hair and a bath towel around his lean hips to hang his freshly laundered jockstrap on a clothesline strung between the posts. Twenty minutes after that, dressed in clean coveralls, he would lock his door and drive away in his pickup truck.

During the warm summer months the routine was the same, but the clothes were changed to yellow tracks and a white undershirt. The baseball cap remained the same, and there always was that jockstrap to be hung in the morning sun at the end of his run. The jock had been washed so often it had started to fray and ravel around the pouch, and a small rip separated the waistband from the pouch on the left side.

I coveted that jockstrap, but I didn't want it freshly laundered. That would be like meat without potatoes. I wanted to smell that man's ball sweat. I wanted the meat and potatoes *and* the gravy.

How to get it was the problem. Not only was he married, he seemed devoted to his wife and didn't look as if he'd be interested in another man trying to put the make on him. If I'd even suggested that he make me a present of his sweaty jockstrap, he'd have decked me right on the spot, I was sure. But dammit, I wanted that jockstrap and I wanted it straight off his sweat-slick body. The more I saw it hanging on the line, the stronger became the obsession. I was going crazy over a piece of material so small it wouldn't pad a crutch.

One evening I saw with my own eyes just what that jock protected in its soft mesh pouch. The bathroom window of his house is located on the left on the second floor. From my back porch I can see directly into it, since my house is situated on higher ground. It was during a July heat wave, and I was sitting on the porch trying to cool off enough to crawl up to my second floor bedroom when I saw the light go on in the bathroom. I barely glanced that way since the window was curtained and usually a shade was drawn, so I almost missed the wide line of light that appeared at the bottom. Almost, but not quite. Someone was raising the blind all the way up, and that caught my eye.

As I watched, afraid even to blink my eyes, my favorite jock appeared in the window frame. Since it was at least two A.M., he must have felt secure that everyone in the neighborhood was already fast asleep. He was standing with his hands resting on the sill, looking into the darkness. The spill of light did not extend to my porch, so it was impossible for him to see me spying on him. Momentarily, he turned the overhead light off, switched on a small lamp over the wash basin, and looked into the mirror, carefully examining his short, well-trimmed beard. He started scratching at it; no doubt the heat was causing him to itch.

I could see from his head to below his butt. His ass, nestled in Jockey briefs, was high and rounded with muscle. His broad chest was hairy, with a thick line running past his abdomen and disappearing under the waistband of the damp briefs. I hadn't realized just how muscular he really was until seeing him almost nude.

He turned on the water and filled the basin, then started dipping a sponge into it and daubing his face. Next, he lazily ran

PIERCE

"Need it bad, Chet? Bad enough to get head from anyone?" I asked boldly. "Yeah . . . anyone," he said. Then the words registered in his sex-fogged mind and he turned to look at me. "You're kiddin', right?" I wasn't. I pulled down his shorts and started to go south. He moaned and held my head down and fucked my mouth. "Oh, shit! Suck those inches," he growled. He was pumping his ass and hips so hard that the couch almost collapsed.

the sponge over his chest and into his armpits, which were thick with hair. When he slipped off the briefs, I almost fell off the porch. He spread his legs wide and sopped water under his balls and on his inner thighs, then reached around and slid the sponge between his butt cheeks and ran it up and down several times. Placing one foot on the wash basin to bathe his foot and thigh, he exposed his asshole to me, and I got another view when he switched feet. Now he was in profile, and his three-piece set was fully exposed. His balls were extremely large, and his cock was a decent length with what seemed to me an unusually wide cut head. His crotch was thick with sweat-tangled hair. Staying in the same position, almost as if he knew he had an audience, he sponged his crotch and again lifted his balls to remove the night sweat underneath. Slowly but surely he was getting hard.

He dipped the sponge into the water, rinsed it, lathered it with liquid soap, and once again started to clean his crotch. The sponge moved slowly under and around his heavy balls, up over his belly, and down again to his cock, which was now standing in an upward curve. The sponge moved around his cockhead again and again. Then he covered it completely, held it tightly in the sponge, and started to fuck, his hips and pelvis moving as he rotated the sponge around the head in slow, steady twists.

The look of pleaure on his face, the glazed eyes and slightly parted lips, was testament to the sensations coursing through his body. He speeded his fucking and the rotation of the sponge. Suddenly, he gripped the edge of the basin with one hand, pushed his balls against the front of it, and released the sponge as his cock erupted. The thick spurts of cum were directed into the water, but as he gripped his hard-on in his fist and pumped, he lost control and cum spattered against the mirror. His body spasmed violently and his head fell forward, his hair pressed into his own cum. As the final spurt hit the bottom of the mirror, his ass tensed, then relaxed. Finally, he just stood there breathing heavily.

Slowly he straightened and looked into the mirror. Seeing all the cum on it, he rinsed out the sponge and wiped the glass clean. As soon as he was finished with the mirror, he rinsed the soap from his body, turned off the light, and left the bathroom.

I didn't sleep well that night. I lay sweating on my hot-plate bed, trying to figure out how I cold meet this horny man and get to know him. I no longer wanted just the jockstrap; I wanted the man.

I thought it odd that a man with such a cute wife would jack himself off in the bathroom. Maybe it was too hot to fuck. But then, does it ever get that hot? I didn't know my neighbor well enough to talk to him, except to say hello. I didn't even know his name, since the couple was new to my neighborhod. And at six A.M. I'm not big on conversation anyway; unless I've had that second cup of coffee, I can't even zip up my 501s.

But through a chance conversation, I learned that an old friend of mine had gone through high school with my bearded neighbor. His name was Chet Hawkins, he had been married for only two years, he owned a body repair shop with a partner, had been a four-star athlete in school, was a very private, shy man, and his wife was a gym instructor in a local high school near my house. I had seen his wife, and while I thought her a bit chubby, she was very pretty. What I didn't know was that she was chubby for a damned good reason. She was seven months pregnant. That explained what I'd seen in the bathroom. The poor man was hard up and horny. It drove me insane to think he had to revert to jacking off for sexual relief.

My friend ended the conversation by saying that Chet was as macho as they come. His advice to me was, "Look but don't touch, if you value your teeth."

I tried to forget the man, but every morning he came out to run, and my nerves were soon as frayed as that jockstrap. I never left my post on the back porch during those hot, humid July nights. Only once more was the blind up enough so that I could see into his bathroom. That night I watched him jacking off into the toilet bowl. I saw only his hard-on, and his hand up to his wrist, but that was enough to push me over the edge. I thought I might have to repaint sections of my porch, it had become so stained.

The morning Chet didn't run alarmed me. I thought he might be ill. As I stood drinking my first cup of coffee, Chet and his wife came out of the house. She was walking with difficulty, Chet helping her and carrying a small blue suitcase. It was too soon for her to enter the hospital unless something was wrong, but she was laughing as they walked to her car and seemed to be okay. She got into the car, and Chet lowered his face and kissed her through the open window. As she drove down the alley, Chet waved to her, and she honked the car horn. He watched for a moment, then left in his pickup truck. When he was gone, it hit me like a ton of bricks. For some reason, Chet was going to be alone in that house, jacking off and feeling lonely. I decided he didn't have to be so lonely. I

Continued to page 86

Get the picture?

That's right, I'm the top. So get to work.

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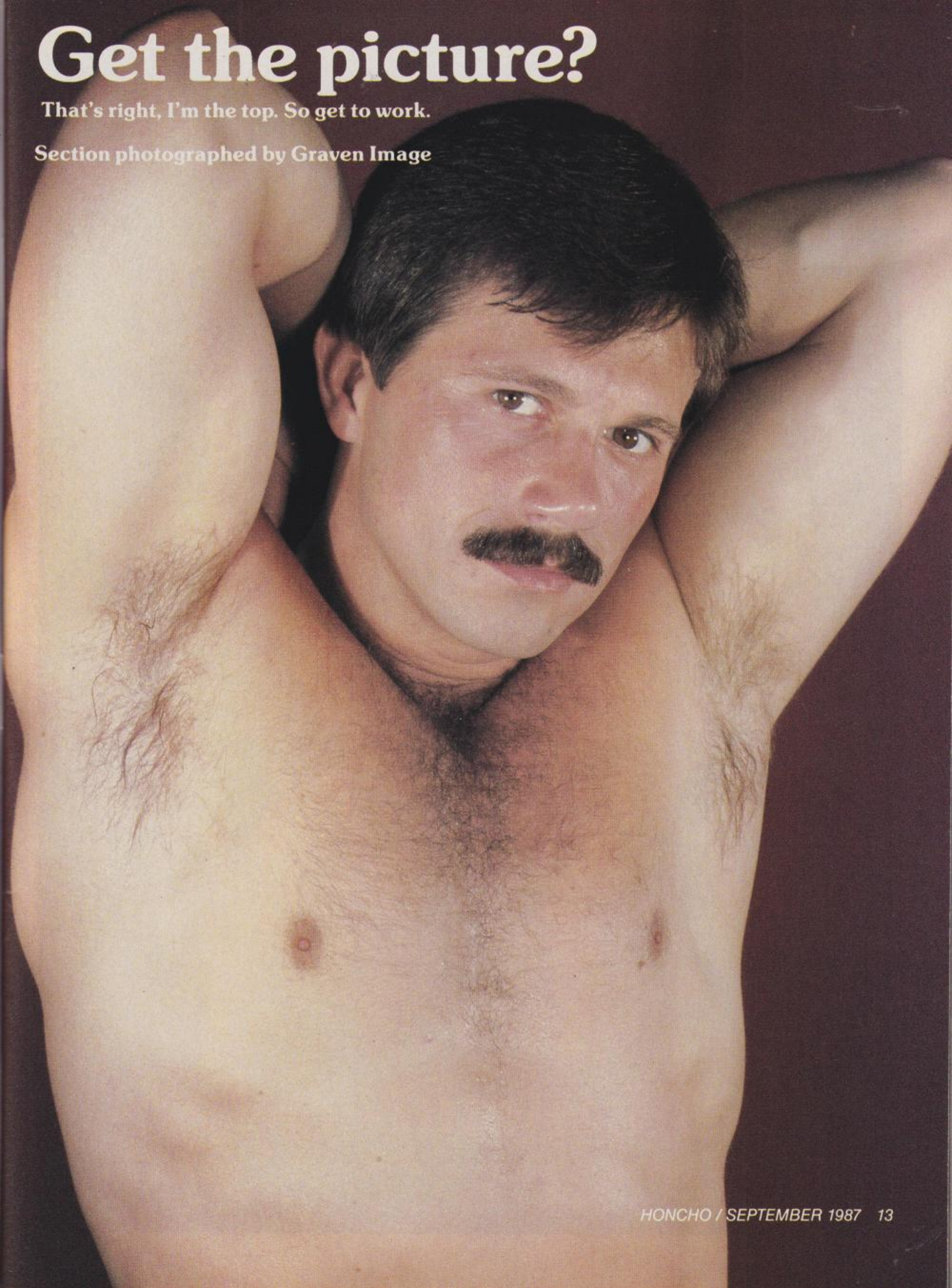

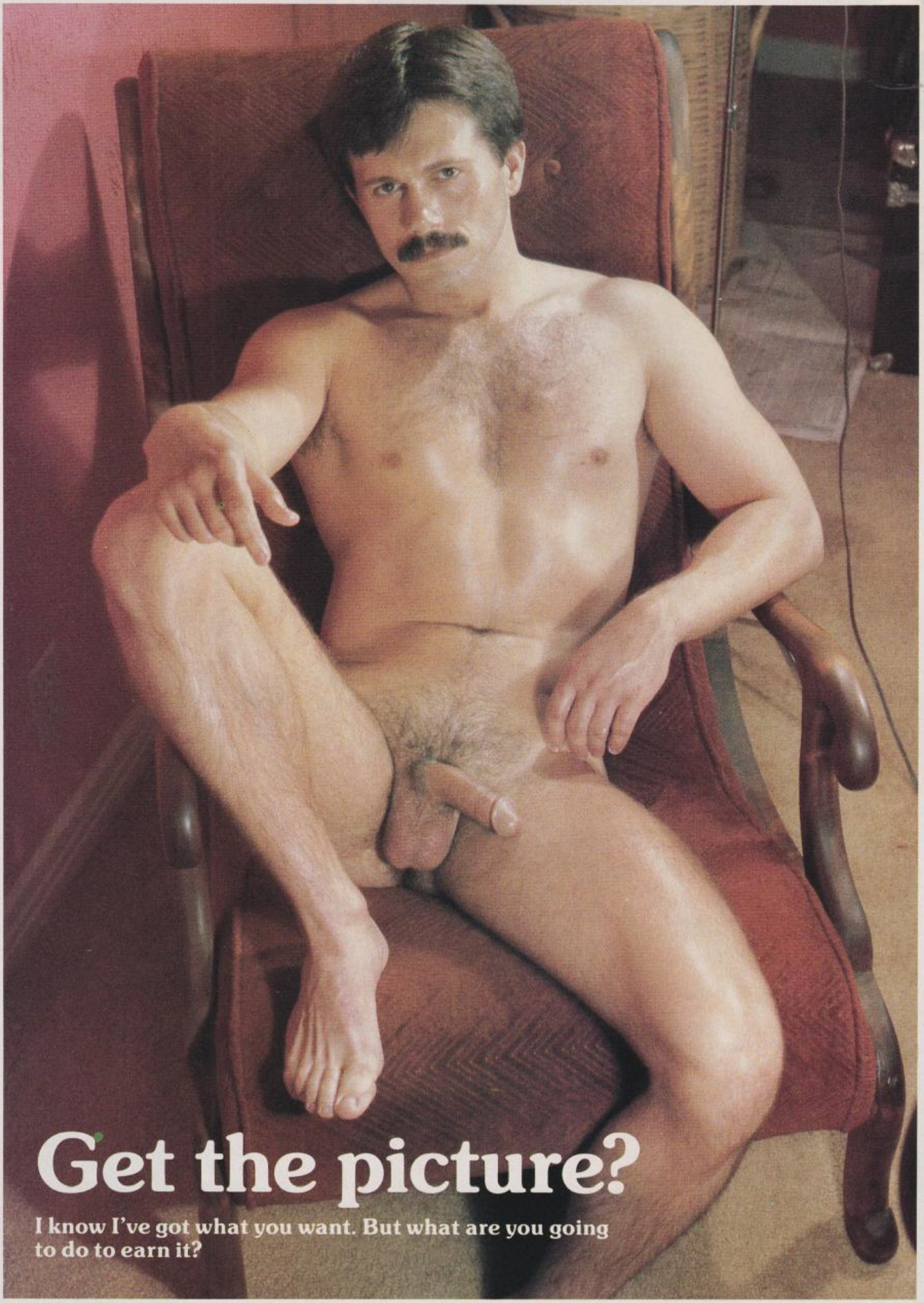
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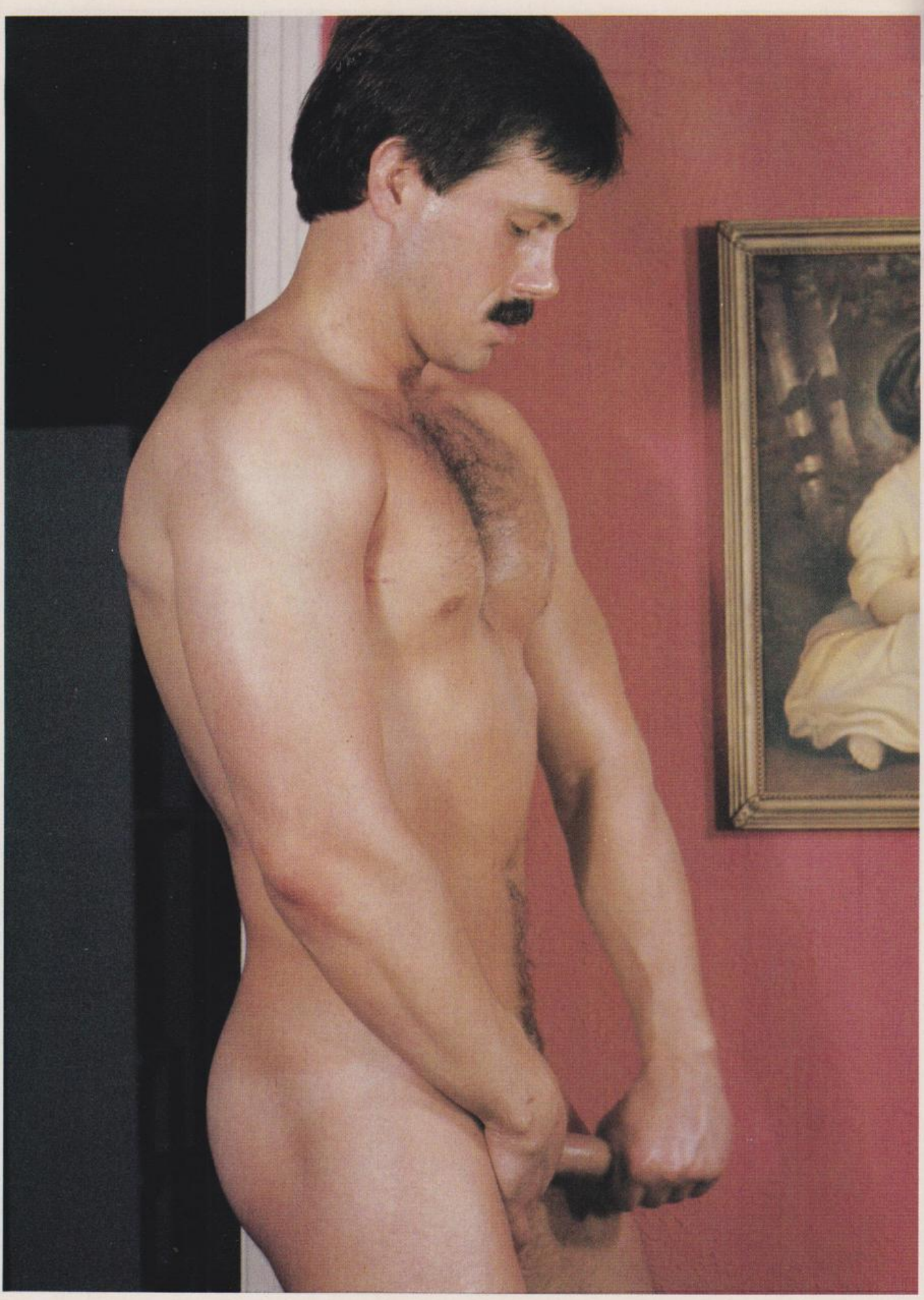
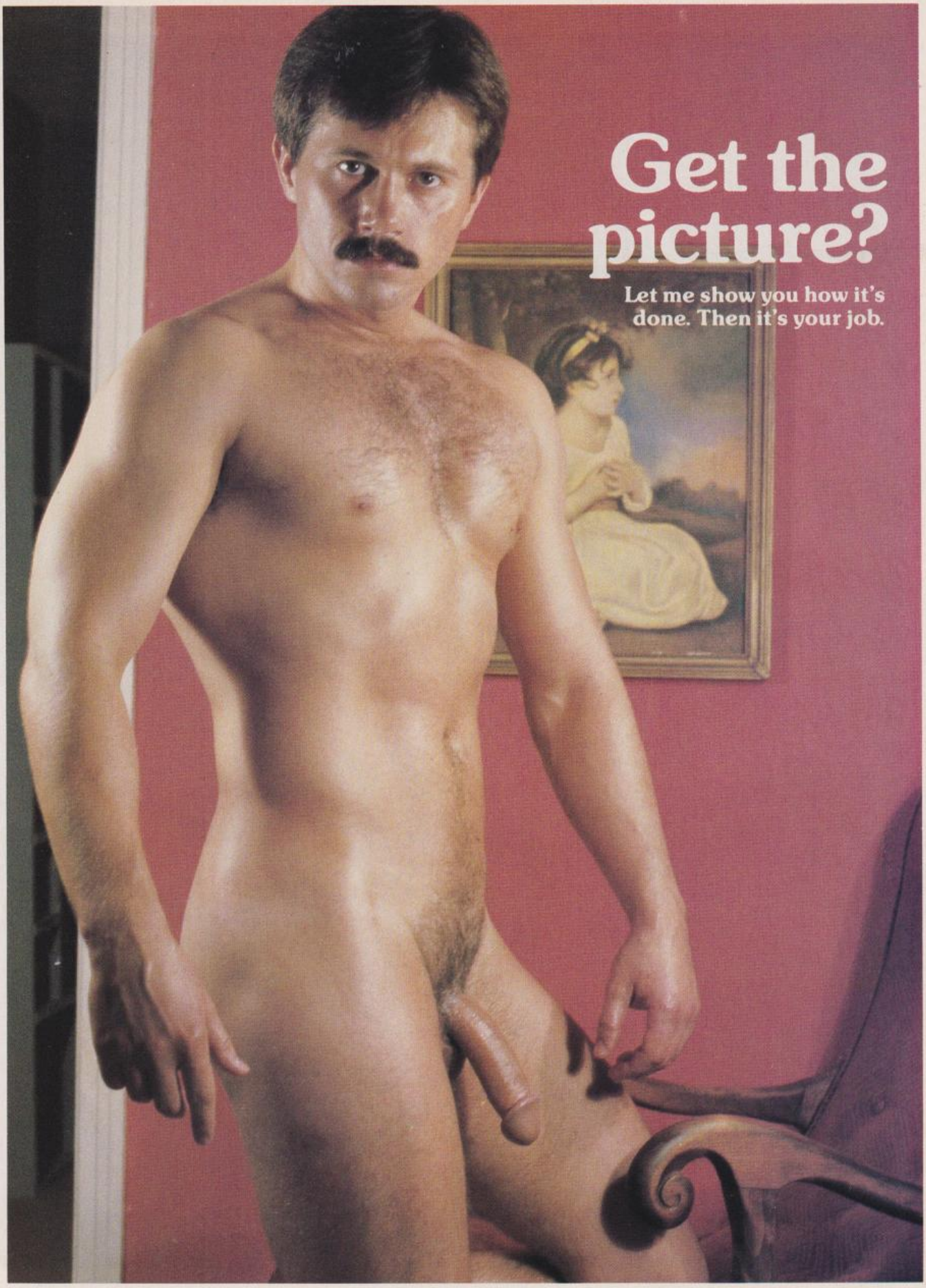
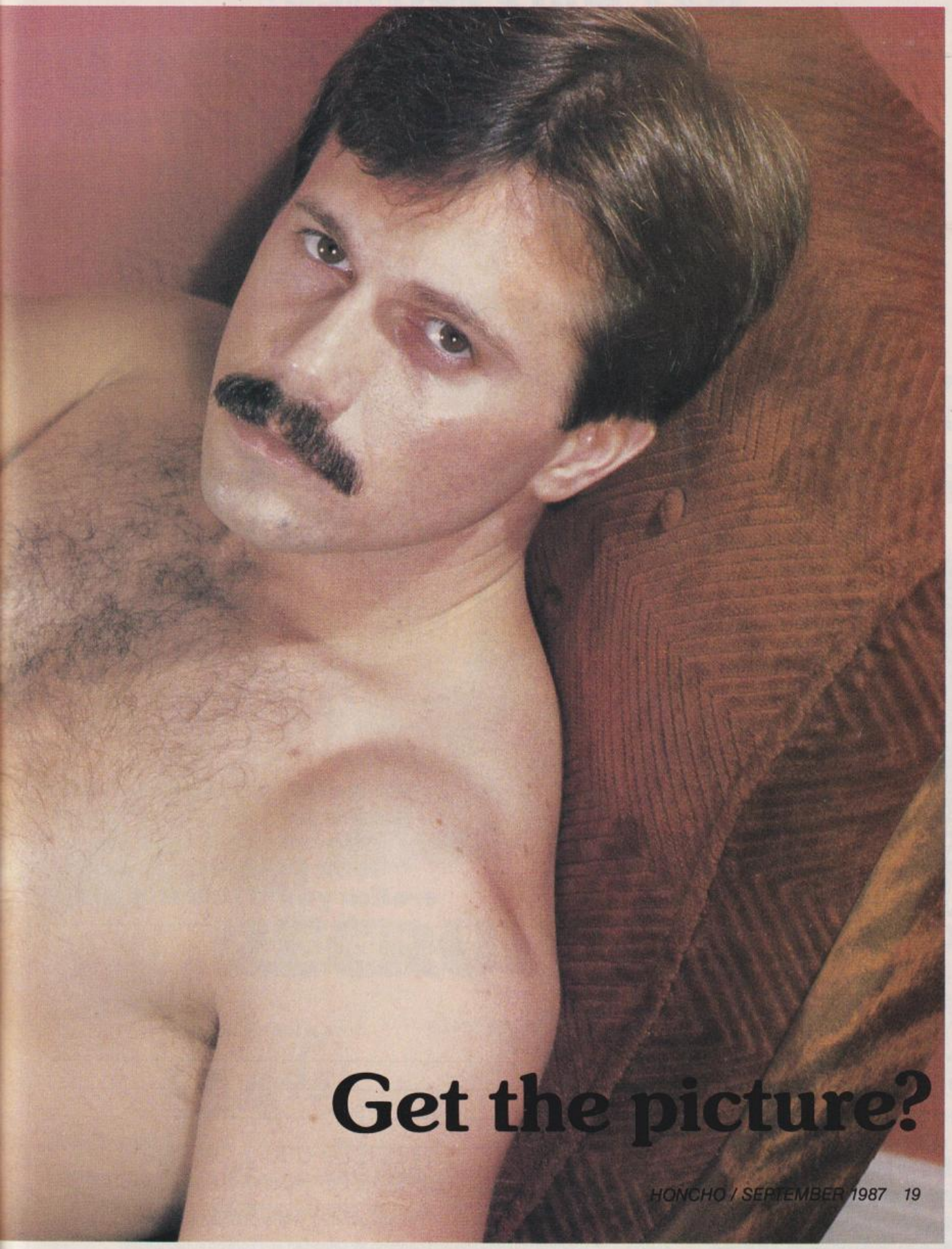
I know I've got what you want. But what are you going to do to earn it?




Get the picture?
Let me show you how it's done. Then it's your job.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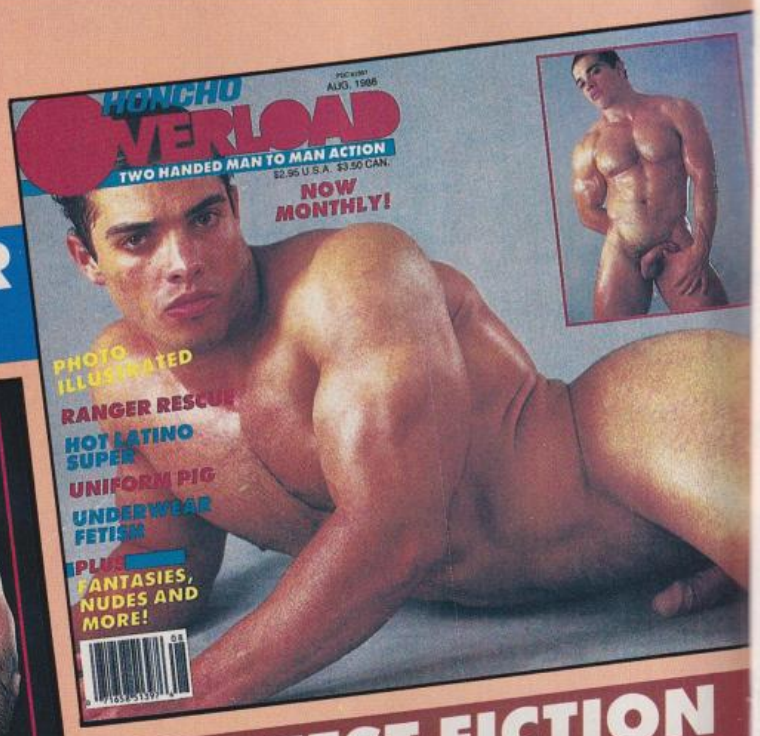

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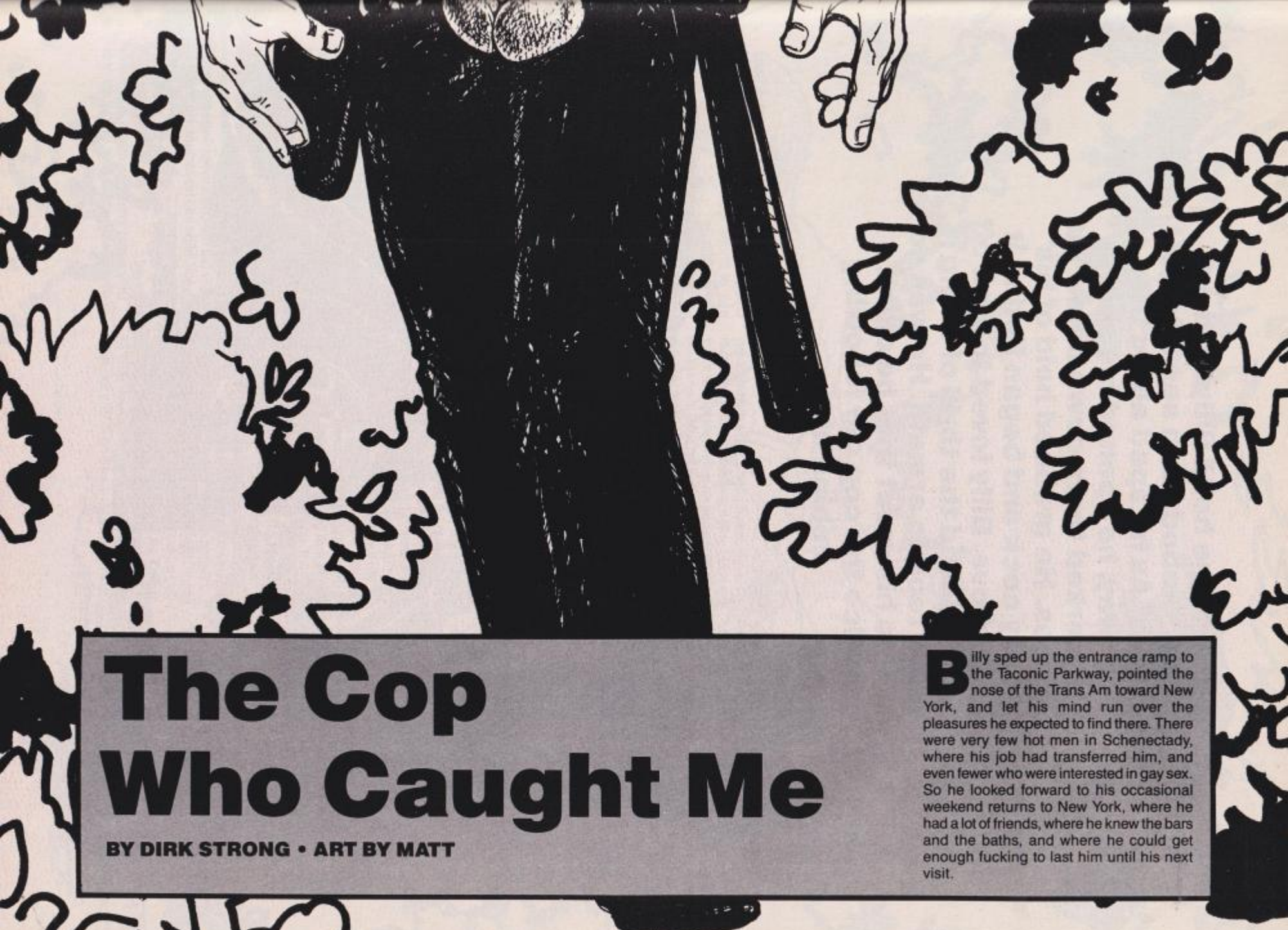

The Cop Who Caught Me

BY DIRK STRONG • ART BY MATT

Billy sped up the entrance ramp to the Taconic Parkway, pointed the nose of the Trans Am toward New York, and let his mind run over the pleasures he expected to find there. There were very few hot men in Schenectady, where his job had transferred him, and even fewer who were interested in gay sex. So he looked forward to his occasional weekend returns to New York, where he had a lot of friends, where he knew the bars and the baths, and where he could get enough fucking to last him until his next visit.

"What the hell," Billy said out loud. "Nobody can see into the car." As he sped along the highway, he opened his shorts and worked them down below his knees. He grabbed hold of his meaty cock and began fisting it as he drove. Billy loved to jack off and he loved the thrill of doing it while tooling around. He was so into his meat that he didn't notice the cop car following behind him.

It was a hot July Saturday afternoon, and the bright sun played over the green hillsides and cultivated farmland. He was dressed for the heat, in only a T-shirt and a pair of denim cut-off short-shorts. He felt little droplets of sweat on his back even though the air was streaming through his open windows, and the insides of his thighs chafed against the rough fabric.

He daydreamed as he zoomed along the curving, hilly highway, watching the speedometer inch toward eighty on the downhills. It always gave him a hard-on to drive that fast, and a hard-on demanded attention.

"What the hell," he said out loud. "Nobody can see into this car."

He unzipped his shorts, taking care not to catch his stiff rod in the zipper, and with a little fancy maneuvering slipped them down to his knees. His dick stood straight up and brushed against the cotton T-shirt. He rubbed it idly, remembering the last time he'd gone down to New York to stay with Tom, who had been his roommate in college. During their school years, they had worked out together, and they loved to go back to their dorm room when they were hot and sweaty and then fuck like maniacs on the carpeted floor.

Now Tom lived in a studio just off Christopher Street, and he belonged to a health club a few blocks away. They usually worked out and then cruised the locker room, and if they couldn't find anyone else, they went back to Tom's to get it on. The last time he'd come down, about three weeks before, he had had his dick sucked in the sauna and his butt fucked in the shower and then spent a few hours in bed with Tom.

He alternated pulling at his dick, rubbing the head until it sweated pre-cum, and putting both hands on the wheel for the tricky curves. He was trying to make the hard-on last until the Taconic ended in the populated freeways of northern Westchester County. Though his dick ached for the release of those final few jerks, he held back, savoring the warm tingling sensation of almost, but not quite, coming.

He was on a long, straight stretch, doing eighty in the left-hand lane, when he noticed the cop car coming up fast behind him. The cop was next to him before he knew it, motioning him to pull off the road. Billy hit the brake and followed the black-and-white into a wooded turn-off at the side of the road.

He pulled up behind the cop and tried frantically to get his shorts up, but the cop was standing beside his door before he could manage.

"No funny business, pal. Out of the car, please," the cop barked.

Billy clutched his shorts around his thighs and got out of the car. His dick was still hard, and it stuck straight out in front of him. He tried to pull his shorts up when he stood but . . .

"Hands on the roof," the cop ordered.

Billy did as he was told, and the shorts slid down his legs to his ankles.

"Going a little fast out there, weren't you?" the cop said.

"I guess I wasn't paying attention to the speed, sir."

The cop pushed Billy against the car and started to frisk him. It struck Billy as very funny to be standing in this roadside turn-off in the middle of the New York State boondocks, wearing a thin cotton T-shirt, a pair of shorts around his ankles, a cop frisking him.

"Seems like you've got only one weapon on you, and I guess I'll let you keep that," the cop said, after running his hands over Billy's stiff prick. Billy had gotten only a cursory look at the guy—about medium height, a little on the husky side, with dark hair and a tanned face—but his hands had made a strong impression. They were big and thick and felt slightly rough. Billy shivered as they slid over his dick and patted their way down his bare legs.

"You always drive like this?" the cop asked.

"No, sir. It's just I was hot."

"Yes, I can see that."

Billy was proud of his body. He had worked for the muscles in his arms, for the strength in his thighs, for the thickness of his chest and shoulders and the flatness of his waist.

The cop was silent. Billy wondered what kind of ticket you could get for jerking off while speeding on a public highway. Then he heard the sound of the cop's zipper. He stood very still. Then he heard the cop spit.

They were sheltered from the highway by a stand of pine and by the two cars. No one driving past on the highway could look in and see them.

Billy felt the cop's index finger, greased with spit, slide into his rectum. He shivered with excitement.

"Mmm, you like that, don't you?" the cop said.

Billy could smell the man's aftershave and his sweat and the cold, official scent of

MATT

Billy felt the cop's index finger, greased with spit, slide into his rectum. He shivered with excitement. "You like that, don't you?" the cop said. Billy could smell the man's aftershave and his sweat and the cold, official scent of the patrol car. "Yes, sir," he said. The finger snaked up his asshole and then moved around inside.

the patrol car. "Yes, sir," he said. The finger snaked up his asshole and then moved around inside.

"Yes, I can see you do," the cop said. "Well, you'll like this, too." The cop pulled his finger out and inserted the head of his erect penis. Billy's asshole tightened up and the cop said, "Come on, don't make this hard on yourself."

"No, I know you'll make it hard *for* me," Billy said.

They both laughed, and Billy relaxed the muscles of his asshole. The cop slid his dick inside. Billy couldn't see it, but he guessed it must be eight or nine inches. He hadn't felt so full in a long time.

The cop pulled most of his dick out, then thrust it back in. He started fucking Billy's ass in a steady rhythmic motion, and Billy started to sweat. He felt the stiff cotton of the cop's uniform rubbing against his back and his ass, and he felt his own dick get even harder. Pushing Billy into the side of the car, the cop put his whole body into it as he got closer to climax. He was breathing hard, and when he finally started spurting, he leaned his head back and gave out a howl of pure delight.

"What a nice asshole," the cop said, after he had recovered. "A man could get accustomed to an asshole like that. I just might have to take you in for further questioning. Fortunately, I'm going off duty very shortly so we can continue this some place more private."

The cop pulled his dick out of Billy's ass and turned the younger man around by the shoulders. "Well, now, the front looks just as nice as the back," he said. "You didn't have any pressing engagements anywhere else, did you?"

Billy looked the cop over carefully. He was closing his dick up inside his khaki pants, but before he did, Billy got a good look at it. It must have been nine inches, and it was pale and limp, nestled in a patch of wiry black pubic hair. The cop had been circumcised, and the tip of his cock stood out like a blade of grass waiting to be mowed down.

The cop had big shoulders, too, and a wide chest that strained against his khaki shirt, his nipples outlined against the fabric. He looked like a Tom of Finland drawing of a cop, with hard, handsome features, bold musculature, and short, wavy dark hair.

Billy checked out his hands and his powerful thighs and said, "No, I wasn't going anywhere that I can't be late to." Billy's dick was still rock hard, and it was starting to ache from all the jerking and from the delightful agony of the workout the cop's big dick had given his ass.

"I think we can adjourn from here," the cop said, "but I see I have a little business to take care of first. An officer always does his duty."

The cop crouched down on his thighs and gave an experimental lick to Billy's dick, which shivered and got even harder. The cop licked at Billy's balls and around the base of his dick and put his hands on Billy's ass and started massaging his firm cheeks. Then suddenly he swallowed the dick, nearly all the way, and started fucking it with his mouth.

Billy grabbed the cop's hair and spurred him on. The cop was an expert cocksucker, and Billy came almost immediately, in great gushes that filled the man's throat and mouth and overflowed his lips.

The cop stood up and gave Billy a nice, juicy kiss, letting a little of Billy's cum dribble back into the young man's mouth. Then he checked his watch.

"Nearly four o'clock. Looks like quitting time for me. Just gotta radio in to my station, and then you can follow me home in that fast car of yours."

Billy pulled his shorts back up onto his hips and fastened them over his limp dick. There was still a lot of sun and he could see it playing over a little town in the valley below. The mountain air was sweet; he took a deep breath and felt exhilarated.

The cop made a U-turn in the narrow road and motioned for Billy to do the same. "You will follow me, won't you?"

"Of course," Billy said, grinning.

The cop took the next exit and then a series of curving roads that brought them down the mountain and into the little town that Billy had observed from the side of the Taconic. The cop drove through the center of town, past a church, a Seven-Eleven, a McDonalds, and a funeral parlor, and finally he pulled into the driveway of a garden apartment complex. He parked in front of an end unit with a garden on the ground floor and a porch on the second.

Once they were inside, the cop grabbed Billy by the shoulders and pulled him into a kiss. He shoved his tongue into Billy's mouth and darted it around inside, at the same time massaging Billy's back with his rough hands. Billy could feel the cop's hard-on through the thin khaki of his pants, and there were other, less comfortable items Billy could feel.

"Just a minute," the cop said. He took off his holster, his nightstick, and his handcuffs, put them into a cabinet with a combination lock, and closed the door.

Billy took off the man's tie, tweaking his tits as he did, and then his belt. He unbuttoned the man's shirt and found a T-shirt underneath, the white kind with a scooped neck and narrow strips over his shoulders. He caressed the cop's torso and with his fingers outlined the massive pecs crowning the heaving chest. He ran his hands down the cop's body all the way to his feet and pulled off his shoes and socks. He unbuttoned the cop's pants and let them fall to the floor, revealing a big dick straining against the white-cotton boxer shorts.

Out of his uniform the cop looked just like any other guy—any other very sexy guy, that is. He pulled Billy's T-shirt off, then his shorts; then he pulled his own underwear off. Naked, they pressed their bodies together and undulated in a slow rhythm. Then the cop picked Billy up and carried him into the bedroom, and it occurred to the young man that he was never going to make it to New York that weekend.

But what the hell. He was sure Tom would understand. ■

Doin' It After Hours

Continued from page 9

into my mouth. The tip pushed its way down my throat, making me gag, but I held my ground. I relaxed my throat and he sank his cock into me all the way to the balls. My nose was buried in his blond pubic patch, his balls pressing against my chin. I sniffed his strong, musky scent. It was like an aphrodisiac for me. I moaned wantonly and pulled back on his cock, leaving only the tip of it in my mouth. Then I sucked his cock back in to the balls.

Juan Carlos fucked my face with a fury, moaning and sighing and muttering inaudible things in Spanish. He began to breathe heavily, and I could feel his balls drawing up into his body. It wouldn't be long now.

I readied myself; I wanted to swallow every drop. The first squirt hit the back of my throat, but I wanted to taste it, so I pulled off a bit, opened my mouth, and stuck my tongue out. The rest of his rich, creamy load landed on my tongue, some of it dribbling over the sides, a single squirt hitting my cheek. And still he kept coming. I swallowed, not wanting to waste a drop. When he had finished, he pulled me up off my knees and stuck his tongue out to lick the squirt that had landed on my cheek.

"Oh, Johnny," he moaned, "you don't know how good that felt."

It was my turn to smile. "That was quite a big load."

He shrugged. "It's been a long time since I've slept with my wife. I think we're going to break up."

"How come?"

"People fall in love, people fall out of love."

I nodded and didn't push the issue any further.

Juan Carlos looked down and nodded at my bulging crotch. My cock was still hard. I hadn't jerked off while I sucked on Juan Carlos' cock because I knew the moment I touched myself I would shoot my load. I wanted it to go elsewhere.

"You didn't play with yourself," he said.

I smiled at him, and he smiled back.

"I wanted you to show me how it was that your friend sucked your cock."

Juan Carlos looked at me and his smile broadened. "You want *me* to suck *your* cock?"

I nodded.

He looked down at my hard prick. "I never sucked anybody's dick before," he said, slowly sinking to his knees. He pulled my Jockeys down and my cock sprang up and slapped against my stomach. "Wow," he exclaimed, "it looks just like mine! A twin dick! How about that?" He took my cock in his hand and looked at it for a moment, then looked up at me. "Just don't fuck my mouth, okay? I'll choke if you do, and then I won't suck it for you."

He opened his mouth and slipped his lips over the tip of my cock. I gasped as I felt his teeth bite down on the fleshy cockhead. Slowly he worked his way over it until he had as much of my cock in his mouth as he could take. He wrapped his fist around the remaining few inches and pumped me as he slicked me up with his spit. I had been so hot that it wasn't long before I came. I pulled my cock out of his mouth and, wrapping my fist around the base of it, pumped it a few times and shot all over Juan Carlos' face. He moaned as my load covered his lips and tongue. He licked at what he could reach, and I bent down and licked off the rest.

"Wow, that was nice. But now what am I going to do?" he asked, shaking his hard cock at me. He glanced at the chair over which he had thrown his clothes.

"If you're interested in knowing," I said in a teasing voice, "I've got something in mind."

"What's that?" he asked, pretending he didn't know what I was going to suggest.

"Why don't we pretend that I'm your

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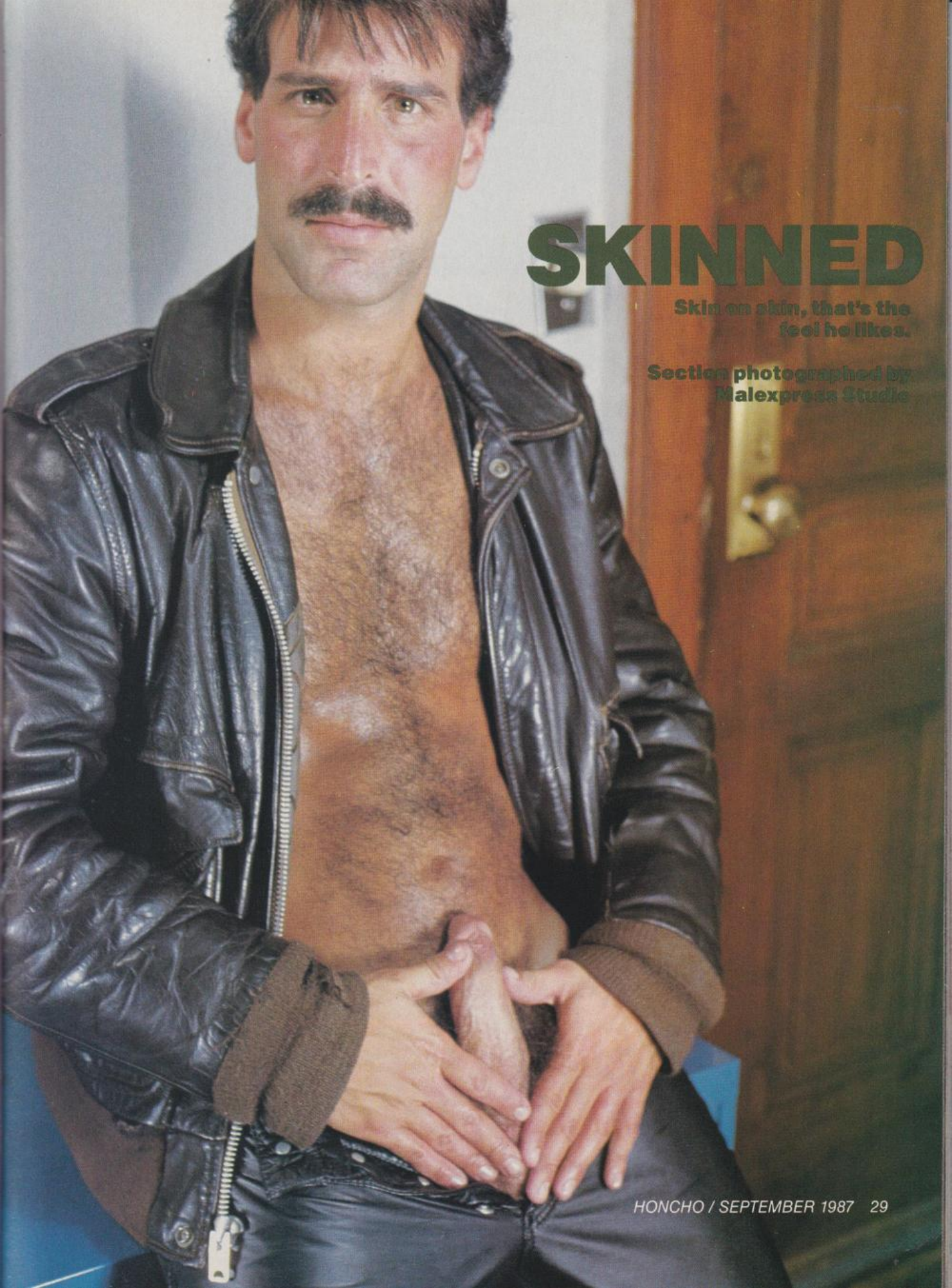

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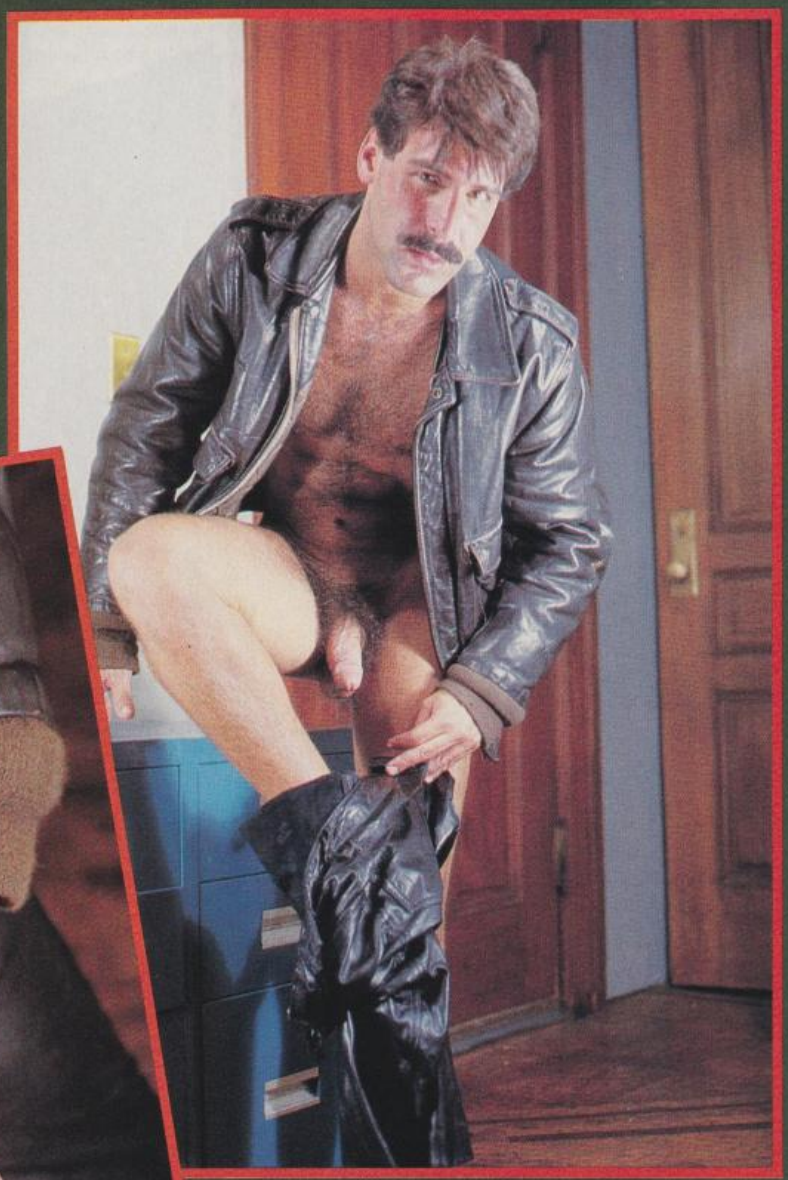
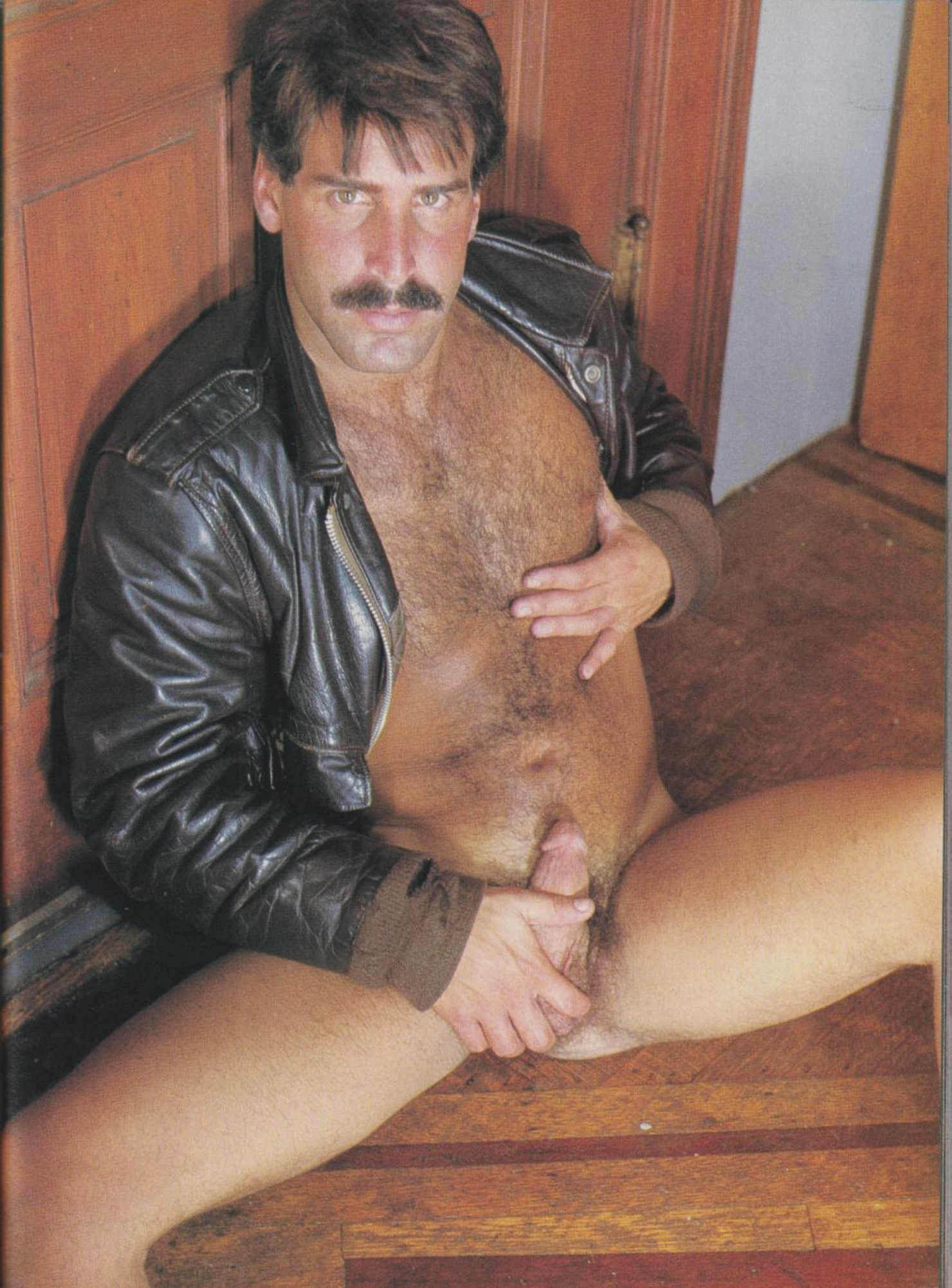
Skin on skin, that's the feel he likes.

Section photographed by Malexpress Studio

SKINNED

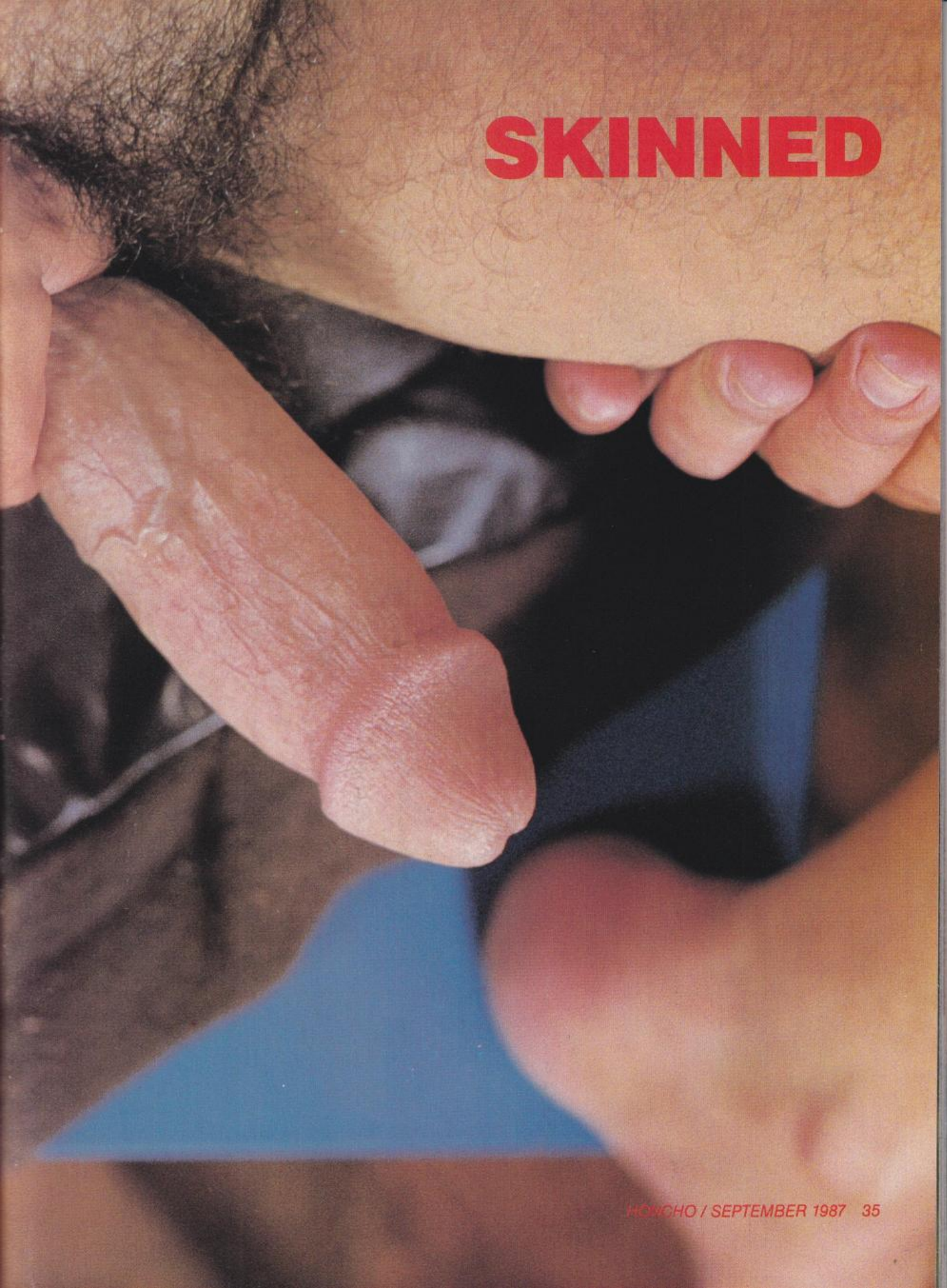
**His hide got tanned.
Wanna see?**





SKINNED

Now he's skinned down.
What about you?


SKINNED

ROSIE LOVED SHOWIN' OFF. HIS JEANS WOULD RIDE DOWN TO HIS COCK HAIRS AND EXPOSE SOME OF HIS ASS CRACK. AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY WHEN I FINALLY GOT A LOOK AT THE BIG HOG OF MEAT HE HAD BETWEEN HIS LEGS. THE SIGHT OF THAT SAUSAGE DROVE ME OUT OF MY MIND.

ROSIE THE RIVETER

STORY & ART BY RICHARD A. WHITE

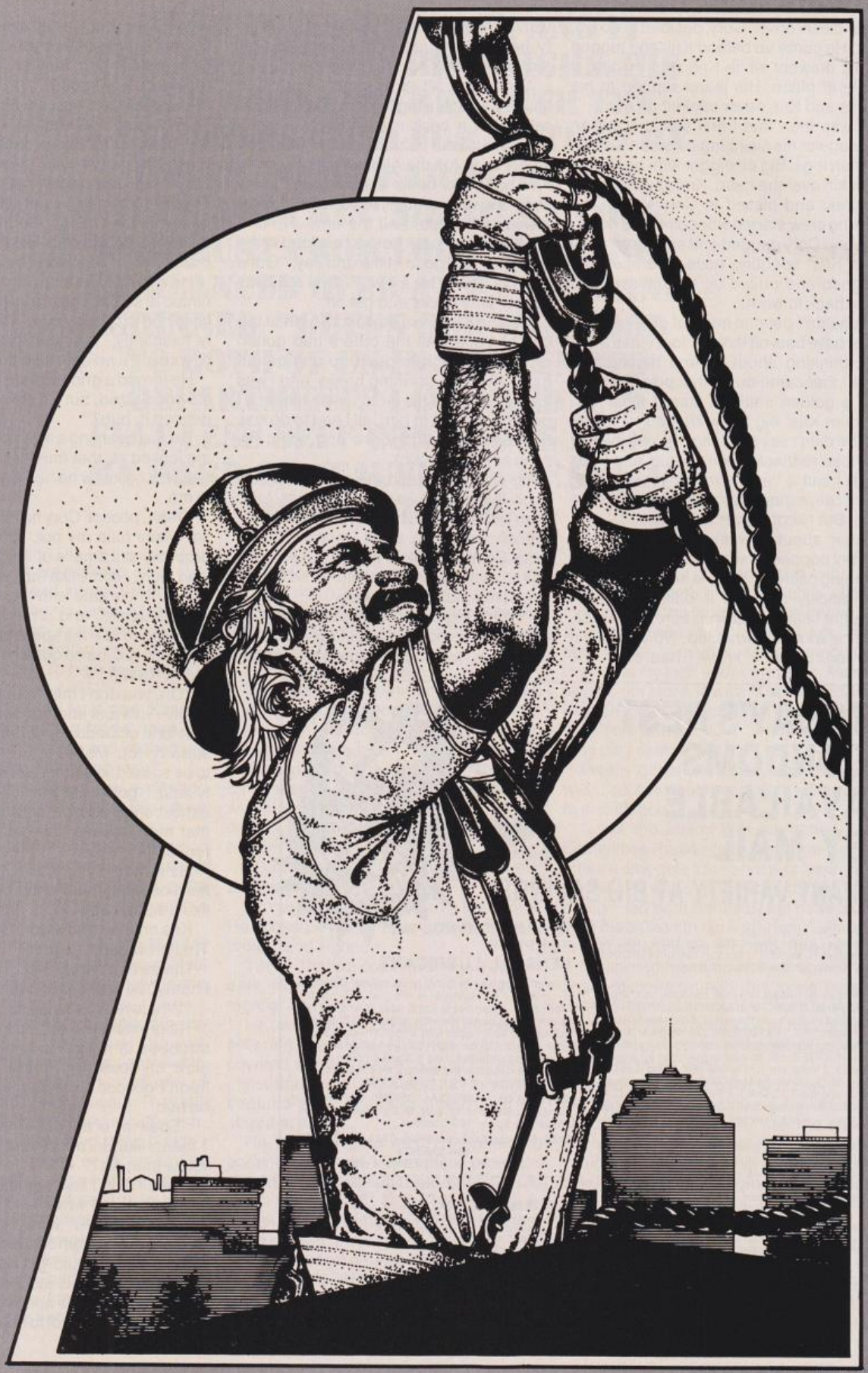
Funny name for a guy, right? "Rosie?" And Rosie is anything but feminine, which I guess makes his name even funnier. Doesn't seem to bother him much either. They call him Rosie at the LaGuerra contracting firm because his hair is so red, and his scalp is so pink. They call him Rosie the Riveter because he can lift I-beams and weld joints better than any man at LaGuerra. We don't do any real riveting, but that bruiser's name has stuck anyway.

Rosie is also adept at painting, not houses but portraits. Hard to believe that such a huge motherfucking beast could be an artist, but it's true, even though it's a secret. How do I know about it then? Because we live together, on a small spread of land outside Chicago. Mostly, Chicago is surrounded by farm land, and sometimes they go bust. So we bought up the remains of a dairy farm, sold the business buildings and equipment, and kept ten acres and the main house for ourselves. It's only an hour from Chicago, but it feels like light years away. Another world, a golden world—green, moist, and wide open. It's in a county called Aurora, real fitting for the fucking blown-out beauty of the place. We've been here two years now. Rosie and me got lots of work from lots of people, then settled in with LaGuerra. They do big high-rise stuff in Chicago. Big money.

I remember the first job me and Rosie got. He was called Kris then. He was hired last of a crew of ten for roadwork outside the city. Gas lines needed repairing, and the gas company jobbed it out. They picked Kris because he was bigger than all of the others, and he could carry the railroad ties they used to shore up the dirt underground. Then he'd pile-drive them into place with the diesel. He always wore a gleaming silver helmet, so you never saw the top of his head. Guess his thinning hair hurt his vanity more than he'd admit—then, at least. He came to admit a lotta things about himself to me as time ticked by.

He worked shirtless all summer, and he tanned a deep walnut, highlighted by his blazing red body hair. Usually redheads just burn, but Kris had some Italian mixed in with his Irish blood. He talked more about his half-Italian mom than his Irish dad. "She gimme the best blood in me, the Italian. Gimme this great skin, this big ol' body, and Granpappy's cock—big ol' dago dick on 'im." His father, Gerald Connelly, was a thinnish kind of Irishman, a small, mean drunk. Only things Kris got from his dad were the two things he hated most about himself: thinning red hair and boozing tendencies. Kris drank, but he didn't do it too often. He'd get real moody and sad when he drank. He can't stop at a few brews. He drinks till he drops.

That first week we worked on the gas lines, Kris didn't drink at all. He seemed glad just to be outside, tanning his big ol' buffalo body. He loved showing it off. His jeans would ride down to his cock hairs and show a poke of his ass crack. He could see how some of the guys would stare at him when he toted the railroad ties. He'd huff and puff up those muscles even bigger when he had an audience. I couldn't take my eyes off him. His chest hair—more like fur, so thick and long—got gold from the sunshine, and it made the dark skin on his big tits look even darker. His fucking drawers were always so baggy, they'd look to fall off with one good tug. One day, the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other diesel driver, Cory, decided to do just that. He come up behind Kris and tugged at his drawers while Kris was holding a cable in place. His jeans slipped to his knees and Kris never blinked an eye.

It was then that I first saw that Italian sausage of his swinging between his fuzzy Irish legs. Big ol' digger with an inch of foreskin over the head. Kris spun around, laughed and pissed in Cory's eye! The fucking crew started whooping and hollering, and Cory gagged and sputtered away from Kris' spouting hose. Too late. Kris laughed and pulled up his drawers and went back to work.

I couldn't get that hog out of my mind. I must have beat off three or four times a day just thinking about it. And the fucking spray that came out of that pisser—man, like a golden snake! I stared more and more at Kris' big body. He had to notice, but he didn't say anything. I guess the rest of those rednecks didn't guess that I was what I call a "man's man." I love eating manflesh, especially that of big diggers like Kris. But I kept my secret to myself.

After about a week on the job, Kris' helmet popped off when he bumped a low-hanging cable in the hole he was digging. He quickly plopped it back on, and I thought I saw a flush run across his face, like he was embarrassed. No one saw it but me, but Kris knew I had seen. He worked real quiet the rest of the day. Usually he would laugh and whistle and tell stories, but this day he kept real quiet.

After work, all of us guys went off to Millie's Woods, a big trucker and hard-hat saloon on a back road. It's got a small whorehouse out behind it that on Saturday nights is so full the girls turn tricks every half hour. No one's supposed to know about the whorehouse, especially the local police—who use it all the time. No one mentions the "back house" out loud in the bar. They just go to Millie and say, "Got a room out back for a man?" and they pay their twenty bucks and get off.

Me and Kris were the last two left at the corner booth. All the others had gotten drinking enough to get it up and go out back. Kris was downing brews, and I was looking down at his crotch every chance I got. Sitting next to him, all I had to do was glance down at my brew and scoot my eyes over to his cock.

We didn't talk much. He asked me questions, like where I was from, what my folks were like. And I told him I was from Boston, French Canadian stock, relatives up in Nova Scotia. He liked that. He liked dark-haired, dark-skinned people, he said. Like his mom's side of the family.

"Them pig-snouted uglies on my ol' man's side: woo! Talk about upside-down ugly! Dry, puffy, pink-blue skin, beady brown eyes, freckles all over their bodies, not much hair—makes you sick to see 'em. Only cute when they're kids—so *ugly* they're cute, y'know?"

I laughed and agreed. I knew the type.

"But man," he went on, "them Italians on my mama's side—fuckin' beauties. Black hair, black eyes, even their meat is dark—big, dark cocks, not pink like mine. Them Irish, they've got *little* ones, little pointy-headed things. God, only a woman could deal with a cock like that, 'cause it's inside her so she can't see it!"

He was drunker than I had realized. He'd hinted at something in that last remark, so I decided to take my cue. "Well," I said softly, hesitantly, "I've seen that fucking tube of yours. It's no ugly little thing."

He turned a grinning face to me. "Yeah, it's good-sized, but it's still kinda pink. Ya noticed it, huh?"

He was beaming a little now. He liked being looked at; that much I knew. His eyes danced; he knew he had a good audience in me.

"Yeah, poor ol' Cory never knew what hit 'im—face fulla my hot, steamy funk. He probably still smells of it. That was some load, huh? I come like that, too. Big gobs of it, fill a whole safe with the shit."

He laughed, and it made me laugh. I was glad to see his spirits rising.

"What gotcha so quiet down in the hole today, Kris?"

"Oh, you don't miss much, do ya? Well I just . . . it's just another part of my body I ain't fond of. Daddy gimme that spindly red straw on top. Makes me feel kinda foolish to be so bald so young. Not even hittin' thirty and I got a chrome dome up there, almost shiny as my hard hat. Nothin' like that mop of curls you got up there, you fucker."

He ruffled my hair, and I got an instant hard-on, right there in the booth. I flushed like a school boy.

Kris noticed and said, "S'matter, Artie? That brew gettin' to yuh?"

I hated that name. "Art," I said. "Please. I hate Artie. It's a dork name."

"Whatever you say, Art."

He grinned and ruffled my hair again. I throbbed in my pants and was afraid I'd blow my load right there. I hoped Kris hadn't noticed. But then again, I hoped he had.

"Speakin' of art, didja know I can paint? I mean like on paper and canvas. Didja know that, Art?"

I said I didn't know that about him.

"Yeah, that's why I keep my hands protected, so's the work won't hurt my paintin'." He beamed at me. "An' you got a face that I should get on paper. Come next week and this job's done, you gotta come visit my place and sit for me, okay?"

I agreed, trying not to sound over-eager,

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HE SWATTED HIS COCK AND IT LOLLED BETWEEN HIS THIGHS. HIS LEGS WERE COVERED WITH THE SAME DENSE GOLD FUR AS THAT ON HIS CHEST AND ARMS. HE WAS SUCH A FUCKIN' SIGHT! MY COCK ROSE JUST FROM LOOKING AT HIM. HE GLANCED OVER AT MY DICK AND GRINNED. "GUESS GOD WAS GOOD TO BOTH OF US IN THE LENGTH DEPARTMENT." I GRINNED AND FELT LESS SELF-CONSCIOUS ABOUT MY HARD-ON, 'CAUSE HIS MEAT WAS GROWING TOO.

and asked Kris where he lived.

He shook his head slowly. "Right now it's just a flat near the rail yards in Chicago. Real big and cheap, not pretty but good light to paint by, 'specially now in summer when the sun stays so high so late. Don't expect nothin' fancy, Art."

I said I was looking for a new place to live. "I need something bigger than my one-room digs. The bath and kitchen are down the hall. No fucking privacy."

"Well, I hear there's a few reclaimed farms up for grabs. Maybe after this job we could look into it. Whattya say?"

I felt the biggest lump in my throat since I sucked off four guys in the back of a semi. "Sounds good to me. But right now I gotta lay my head down. This beer's wound me down, Kris."

"Stay with me. I got a deal with Millie to stay out here during the job we're on. Real cheap. Big, clean bed, with a sink in the room. C'mon, le's go."

He downed his last beer, slapped me on the back, and we got outa there. The walk out back was dark, and it was damp with summer dew. We passed a couple of dudes fresh from Pussy Heaven. They still stunk of it. Cheap perfume, mouthwash, funk, and cunt juice. Good thing I hadn't eaten much that night, or those smells would have made me lose it. We stumbled up to Kris' room, top floor, way in back, behind a beaded curtain and a bend in the hall. Must have been for one of Millie's best girls, this room. It was clean, airy, roomy, and had a big brass bed. Kris' workboots were airing at the foot, and his fresh-washed jeans were hanging on the chair to dry for Monday's work.

"Plop down, Art. Brew?"

"Sure," I said, suddenly wide awake and relieved I didn't have to lug myself back home.

"I got a little fridge here."

He lifted a drape under the sink and, sure enough, a little icebox was plugged in underneath, just for a little food and drink. He poured me a beer and flopped on the bed, then patted the spread for me to join him. I slipped out of my clothes, just as he was doing, but unlike him I left my boxers on. I was sure my cock was going to harden up at the sight of his donkey dong.

"C'mon, shuck. Too hot to wear anything, Art."

He nudged me and off came the shorts. He looked over at me, nodded his approval, and sighed.

"See? That's a color for a man's cock—dark like yours, not pink like a lady's nightie."

He swatted his cock and it lolled about between his thighs. His thick legs were covered with the same reddish fur as his chest and arms. He was such a fucking beautiful sight, my cock started rising as I stared at him.

He glanced over at my lengthening boner and grinned. "Guess God was good to both of us in the length department, huh, Art?"

I felt less self-conscious when I saw that his cock was growing, too.

"I like taking it out when I got a piss hard-on," he said. "Then it really looks like somethin'. I wait till it's real thick before I piss in fronta them guys. I know they're lookin', and they don't say word one." He grabbed it in both hands, which is what it took to cover the length of it. He rattled on about the places he'd whipped it out and shown it off. "I even wear it hanging outa the fronta my jock under my jeans. Makes it stand out more, like it's at attention. Gets women crazy when I come amblin' down the street with it bulgin' out. Men pretend they ain't seen it, but they do."

I really got off on his loving his cock. I was a captive audience, a very willing captive audience.

"I like the feel of it in my hands, too. Sometimes I hafta whack it off three or four times a day, gets me so hot just feelin' it in my mitts." It was raging thick and hard now, and he slid both hands to the base, cupping his balls with his fingertips. "My vein underneath bulges a lot, too. See that?"

He spread his thighs for me to see the finger-thick vein under his loose balls. I peeked around in front of him to see it throbbing. I also got a look at his hot-pink asshole covered in red-gold silk. Man, what a meal he was!

He squeezed his cock to show off that big vein again. "See, like a fuckin' pipe about to burst, ain't it? I used to spend hours jackin' off in fronta the mirror so's I could look at it from every angle. That's how I got these low-hanging balls, I guess, beaten on 'em alla time. Watch this. I'm gonna fill a balloon up with my cum."

He reached under the bed and I got another flash of his asshole. He came up with a box of rubbers. He spit into one, then rolled it onto his cock. He slid it back and forth to leave a big reservoir at the tip. He

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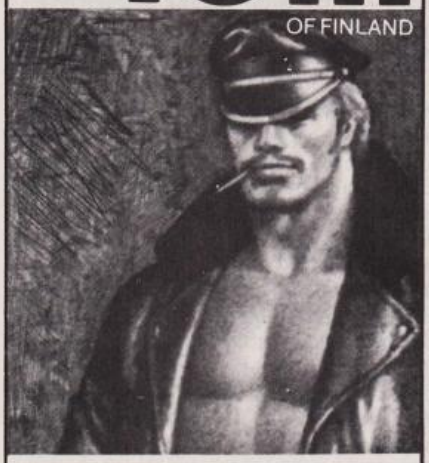

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was swollen and throbbing now, ready to blow, as he wrapped both hands around it and started pumping, nice and easy.

"It takes two hands to beat this fucker. Why'ncha rub my balls while I jack off? It'll make me come faster."

I didn't need a second invite. I sat between his legs and looked under his balls for a clear shot of his ripe asshole. He pumped away at his cock, and I gently massaged his ballsac. He whined and moaned as I did it, rubbing his big legs against the sides of mine. I ran one finger into the crack of his ass, and he grinned from ear to ear.

"Yeah, put one finger in there and keep rubbin' my balls. Right there, yeah. Easy, your finger's kinda thick. That's it. Nice an' slow. Man, what a cock you got. Look at it throbbin'. God, I'm close, Art."

I liked hearing my name on his lips as he pulled on his cock and sweat ran off his big 'stache and onto his lips.

"Oh, Art . . . feels good, huh? Go ahead an' play witcher meat. An' keep rubbin' my balls. You can get back to my hole later."

Later. . . the word singed my ear. There would be more! I jacked my cock, and in four or five swats, I shot into the air, landing my load on Kris' rippled belly.

"Lookit that fucker go. Big load, Art. Man-sized load. Yeah, now stick your finger back in my asshole. Don't wipe the cum off it. That's it, yeah. My balls are gonna explode. Jesus, Art, here it comes! Watch this!"

He groaned and thrust his hips up into the air, taking my finger with him, his ass gripping it like a fuckin' vise. That condom filled up with the biggest, whitest, thickest fuckin' load I ever saw! And yet all down the sides of the safe his cum ran in scummy rivers, and he squeezed and gushed the juices around inside until they leaked out the bottom. His whole cock was coated with the ripe stuff, sweet smelling from all that beer. He tugged off the safe, and his slit let fly with one more gob. I reached over and ran my hands over his shaft. It was sticky with juices and still throbbing. His hips were still flopping around and my finger was probing deeper into his asshole.

"You're a super fuck, Art, a sure-fire, certified super fuck."

He pulled my hands and got me on top of him. He wrapped his arms around my waist and hugged me gently, not the way he threw those railroad ties around. He stared into my face and held me with his dark eyes, and I stared back in silence. Then he did it. He kissed me square on the mouth, a warm, wet kiss.

Instantly I was hard and ready to go again. So was he. Without a word, he rolled me onto my back. He stroked his cock a few times and came up with a beauty of a hard-on. Then he raised my legs, spit into my butthole, and aimed that fucking slab at my pucker. God, I wondered, would I survive this goddamn log?

"Good man. Lookit that tight little brown butt-eye, little black fringe inside yer crack. Man, I love black hair. Open wide, Baby, I'm comin' in."

He slid into me real slow, his spit giving me the best lubing ever. His boner swelled as he pitched into my hole. "Yeah, Art, that's one tight ass you got."

He slid all the way in. I ached to my spine from the fucking length and the thickness of his cock, but I wouldn't stop him.

"Now, Art, reach around and shove your finger up my asshole while I fuck your butt."

He was whispering into my ear, kissing my neck. I poked into his ripe hole and pushed deep, forcing his cock even further into my guts. He loved coming all the way out—well, almost all the way. Then he'd slide deep inside me again. I couldn't get over the sight of him, and how gentle and loving he was even though his cock made me feel like I was bursting apart. He looked right into my eyes all the time, and I kept grinning and grinning at him, while he kept plowing away at my ass. When his hole tightened, I knew he was coming again. He was pumping harder and faster, and his balls were slapping my cheeks.

"Here it is, Art. Here, baby, here."

He slid out and let fly another load almost as thick as the first one. It ran down the cuts of my belly and onto my balls. I shot with him, as soon as I felt his cum on my cock—two of us blowing fucking loads at once! Man, what a sight!

That wasn't the last fuck we had that night; nor was it the last night. He kept his word about finding a farm. He kept his word about everything, especially when he told me he loved me.

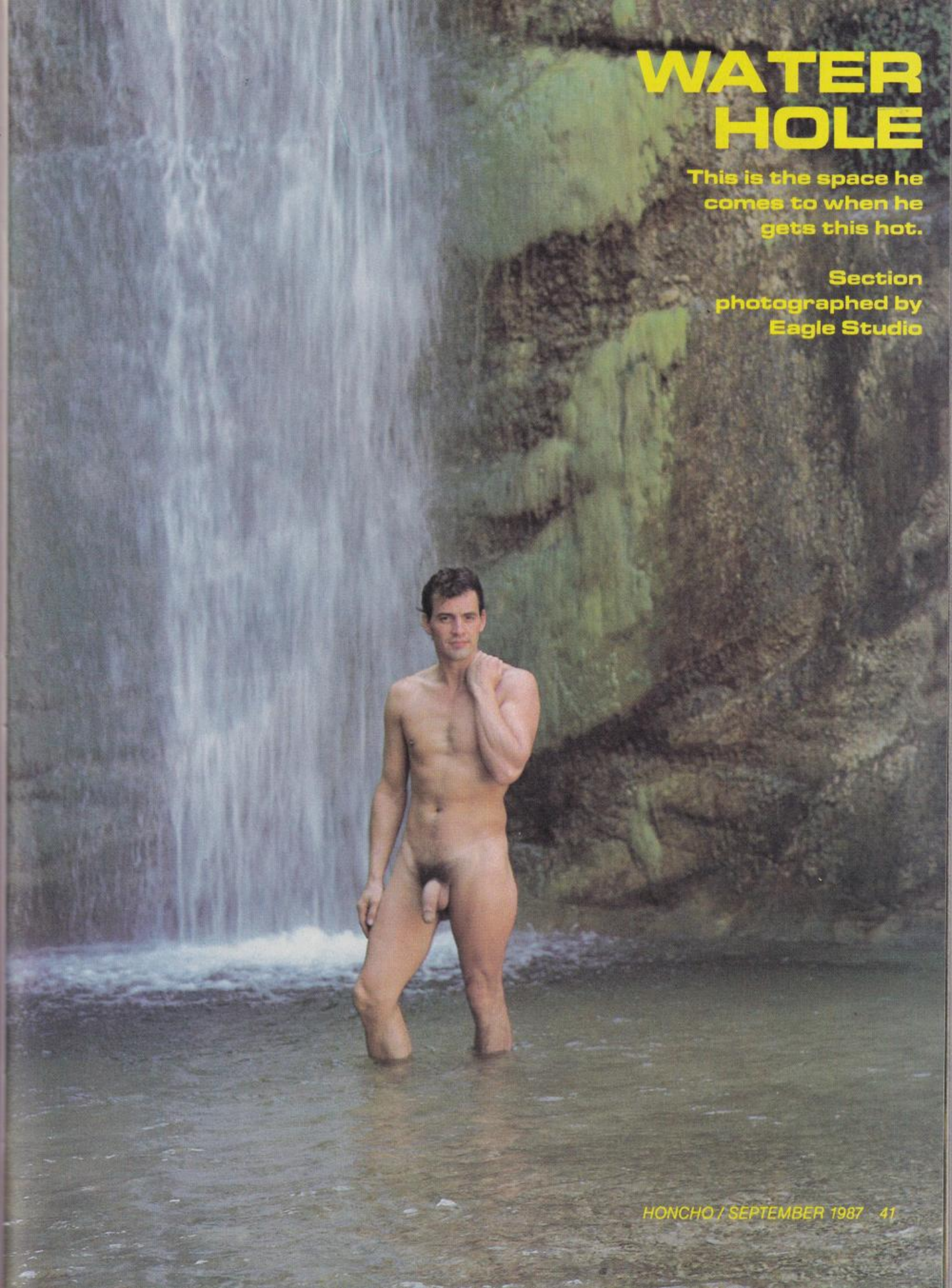
"All that struttin' aroun' I do on the job? That was for you, Art. I saw how you looked at me. I looked at you, too. That's why I felt ugly when my hat fell off and you saw how bald I was."

I held him close to me and rubbed the soft skin on top of his head. "Well, I guess you won't feel ugly in front of me any more, right?"

He smiled and snuggled against me. We slept a few hours; then his hard-on woke me and we got it on again. Three more times that night, maybe—I lost count.

Seems I'm the first guy Kris ever lived with, was ever really in love with. I've been around, so to speak, so making it work has been mostly my job. I just try to keep things on an even keel by loving him and taking him for what he is. I didn't even mind it when the other guys dubbed him Rosie the Riveter.

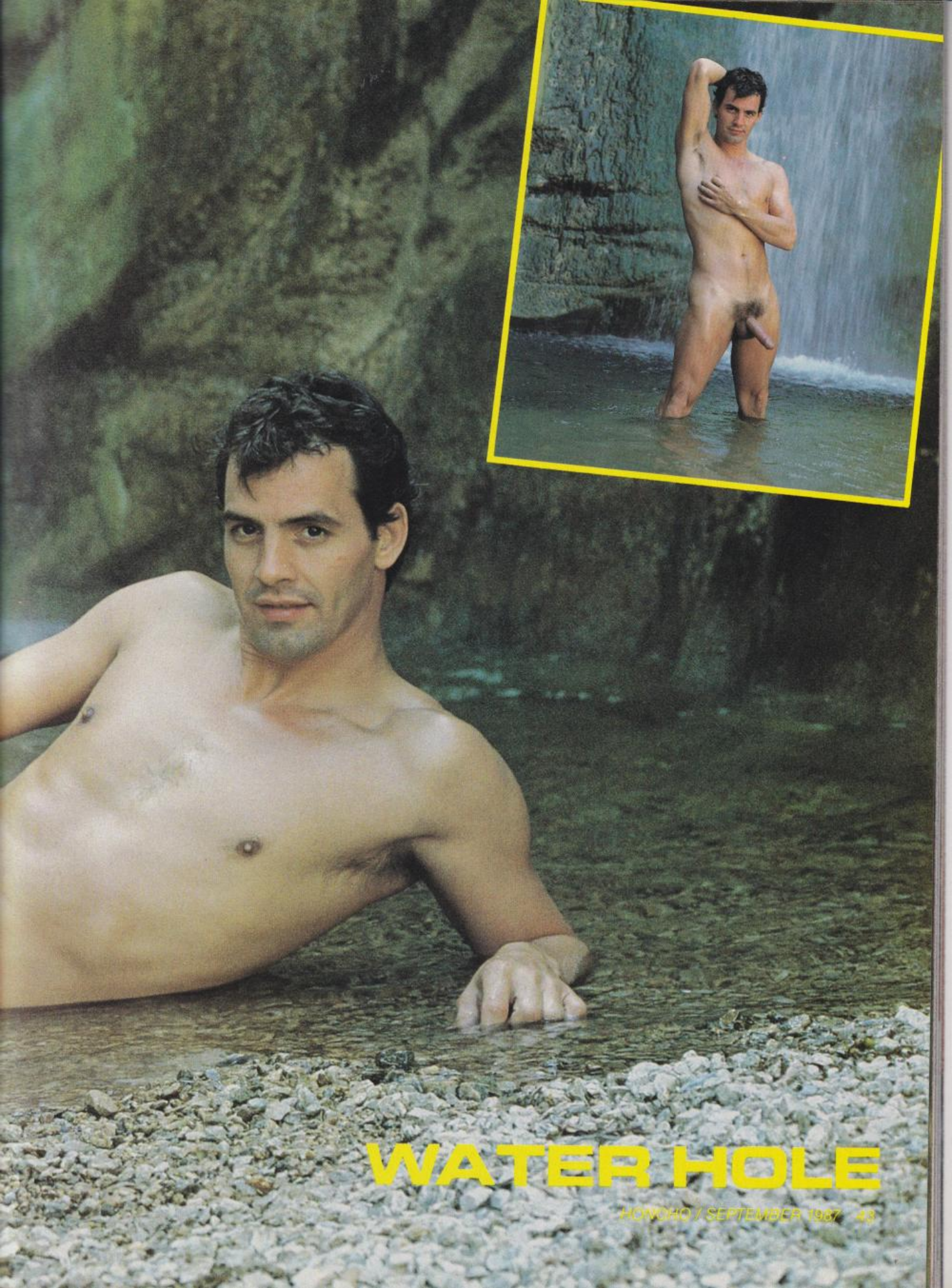
But I never call him that. I just call him mine. ■



WATER HOLE

This is the space he comes to when he gets this hot.

Section photographed by Eagle Studio



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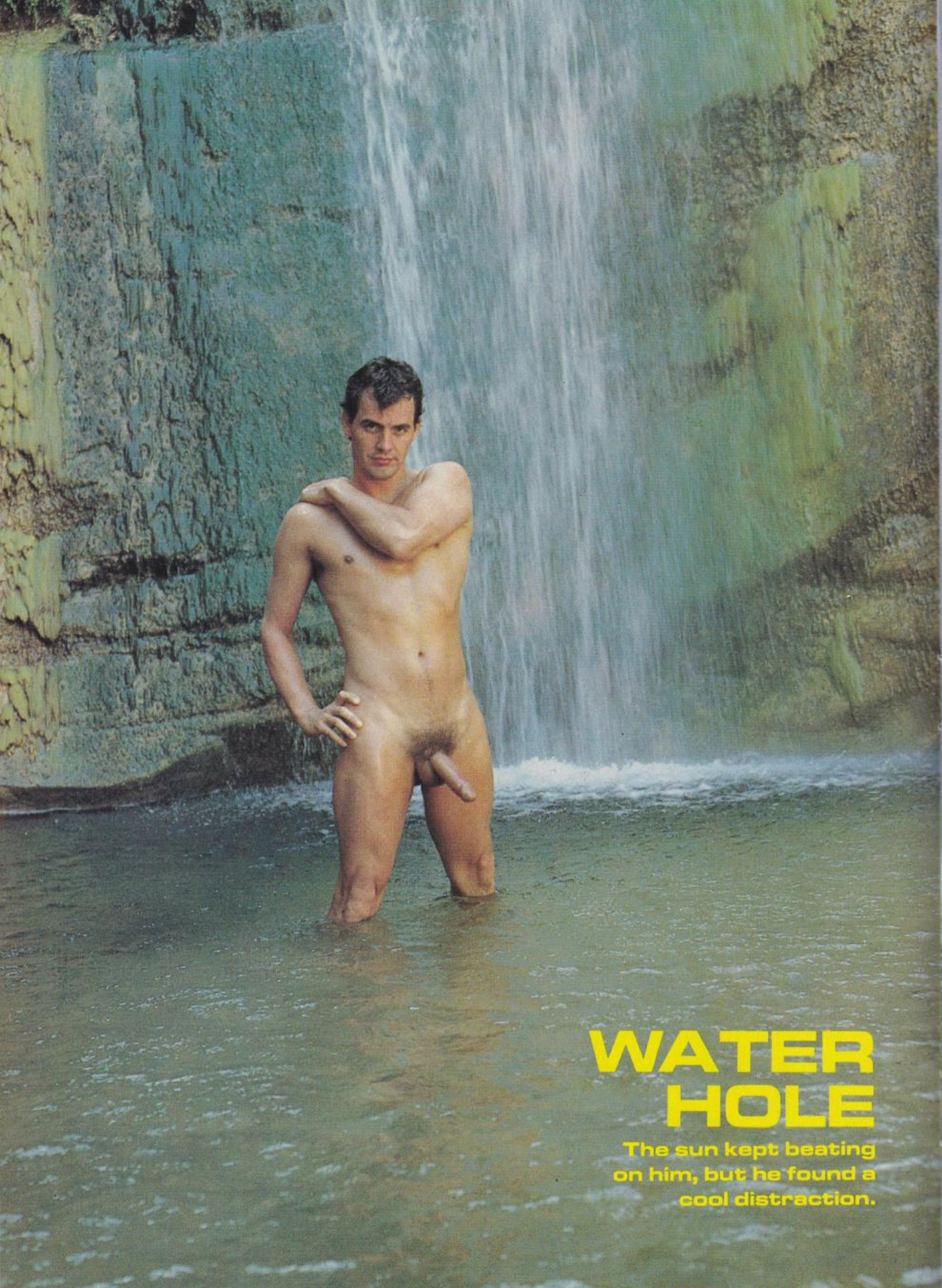
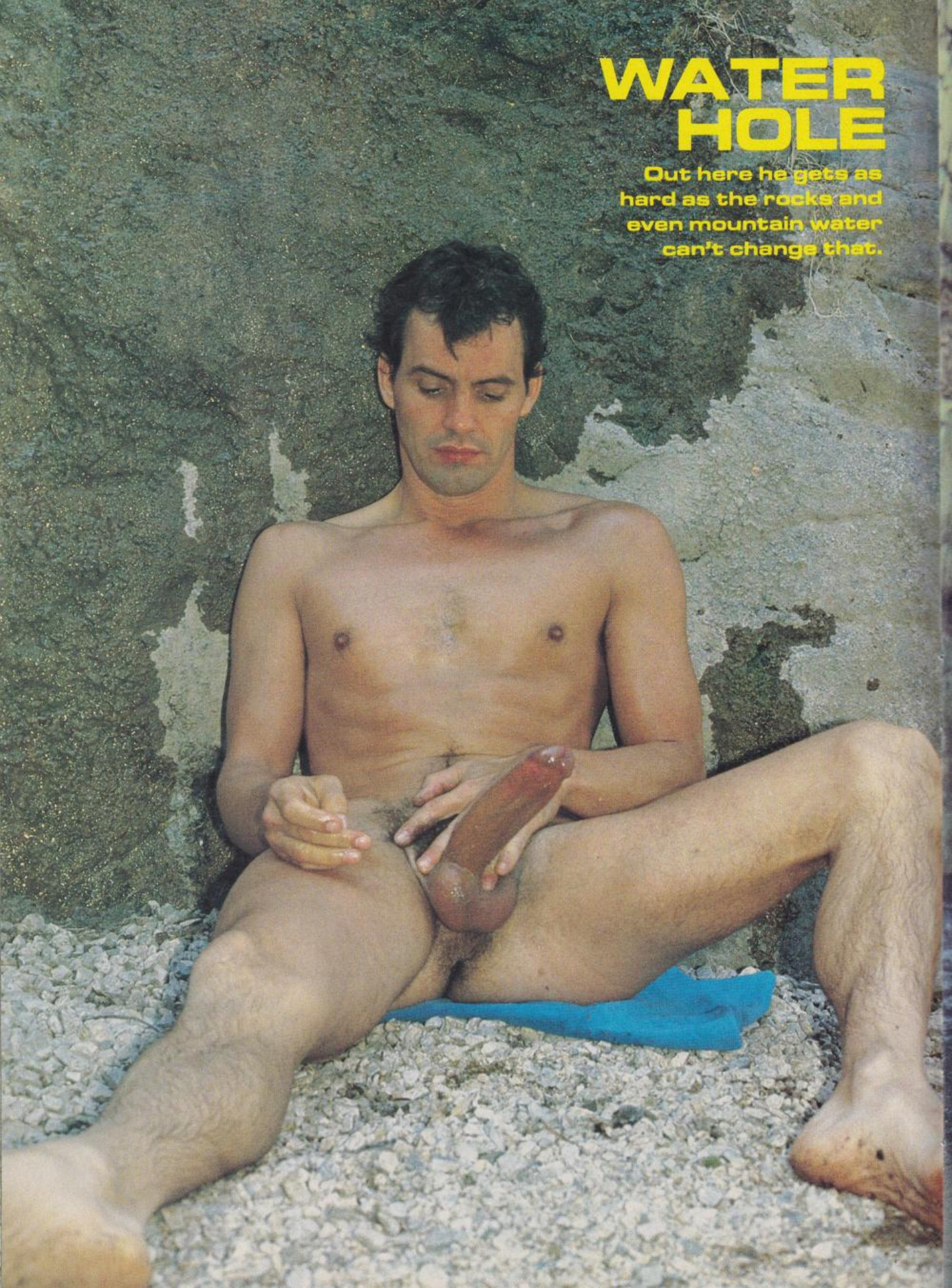


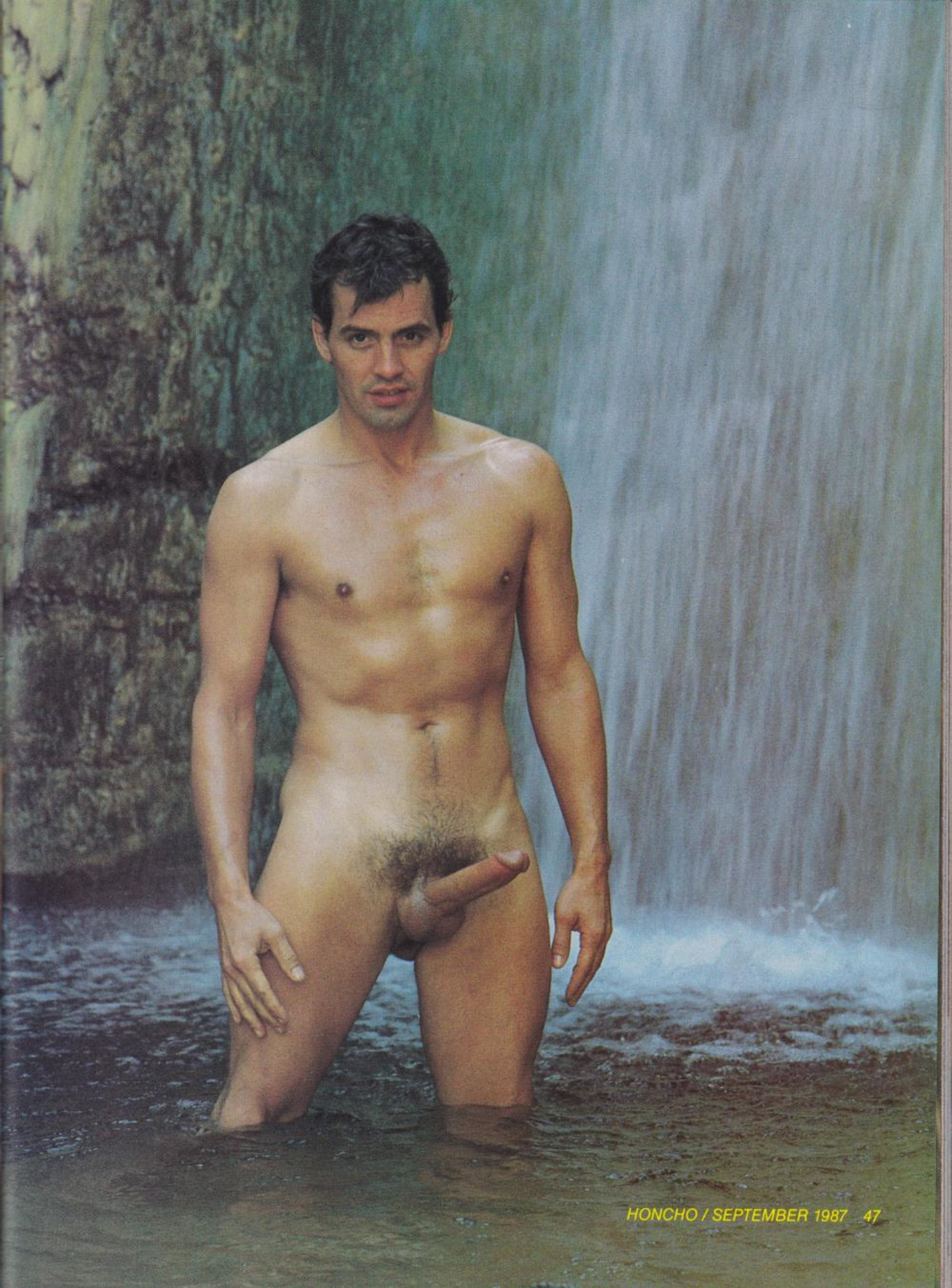
WATER HOLE

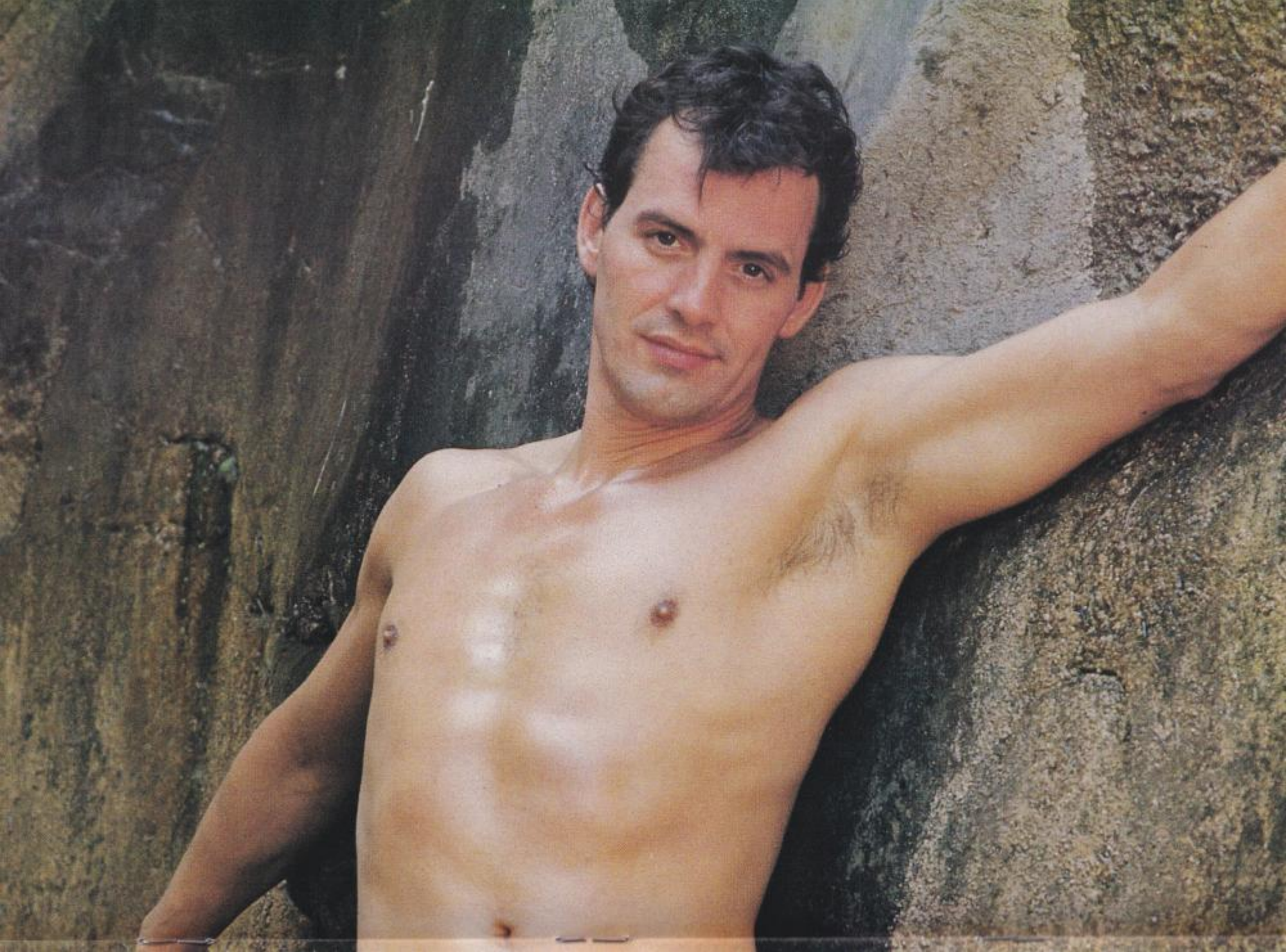
The sun kept beating on him, but he found a cool distraction.

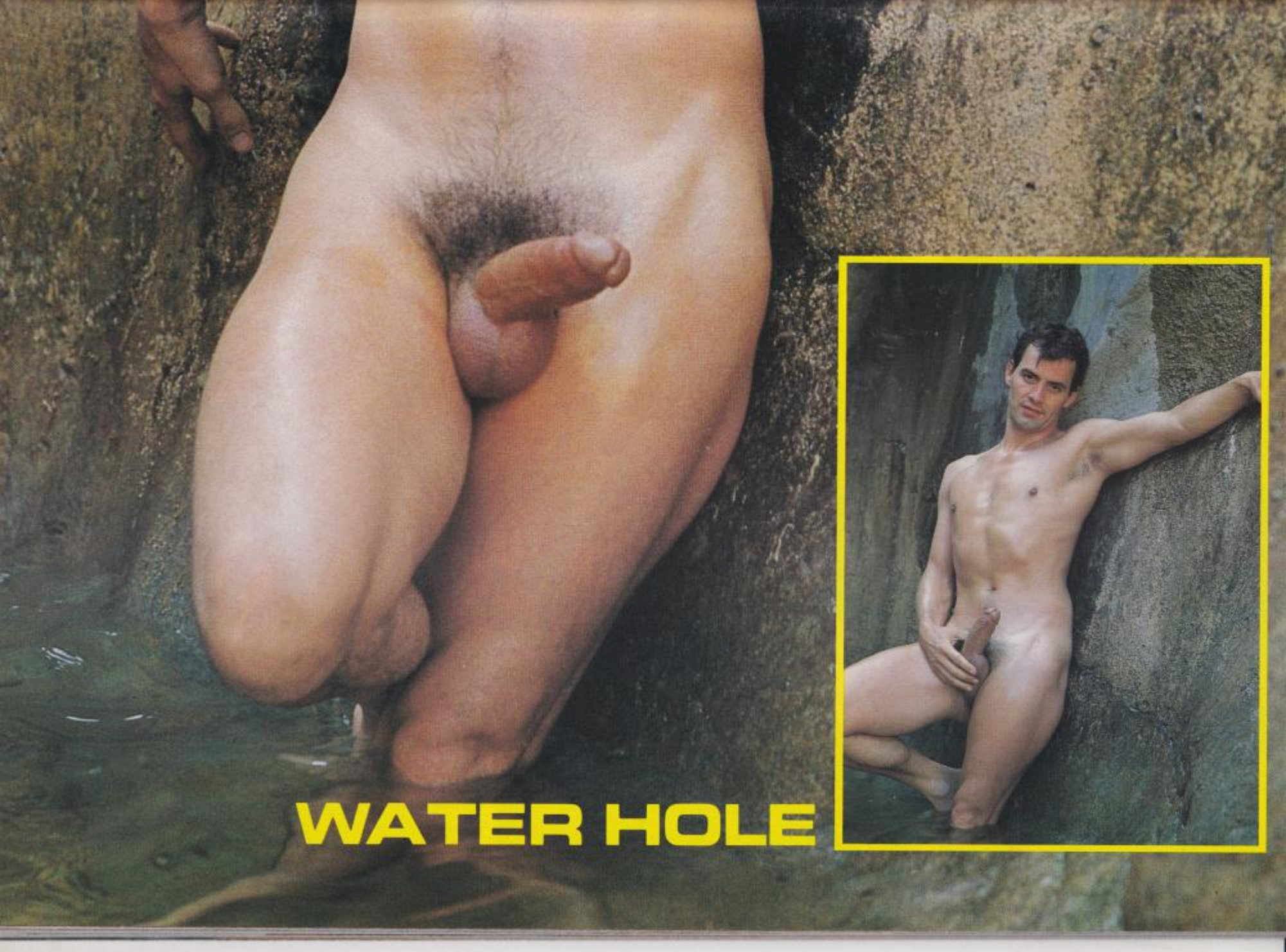


WATER HOLE

Out here he gets as hard as the rocks and even mountain water can't change that.



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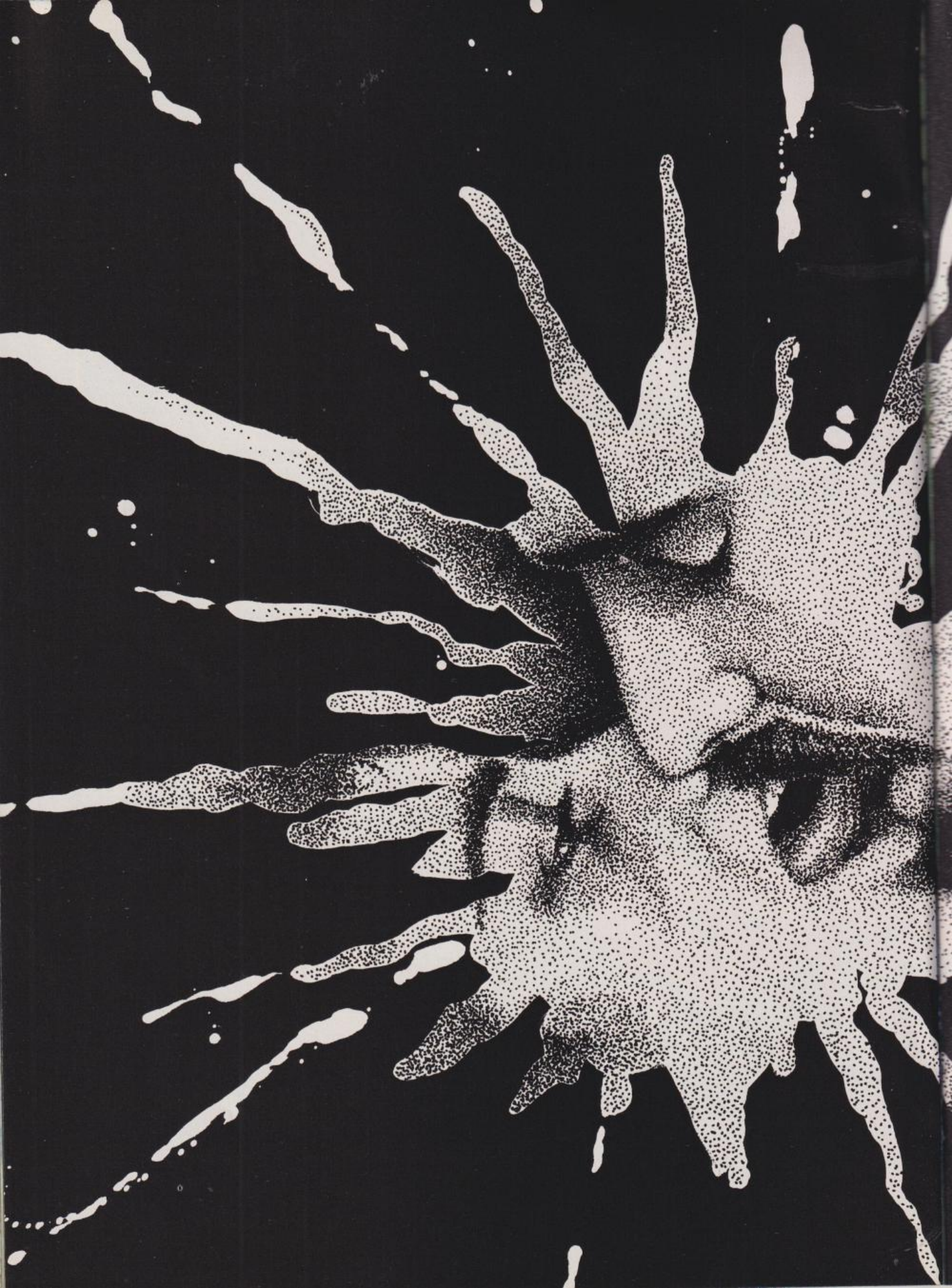

My First Real Man

BY BRAD DONNIS • ART BY ALEXANDER

That summer, even though at the time I knew next to nothing about my own sexuality, somehow I knew how it was going to be the minute I laid eyes on him: fast and intense, him in control all the way. I guess I should say I knew how it was going to be the minute *he* laid eyes on *me*, those cold, blue, seemingly expressionless eyes. I felt the power *behind* the gaze.

I was walking from the family place down to the general store. In those Sierra foothills, the going is often slow on the winding mountain roads, on foot or in a vehicle. I felt his eyes fix on me when he came around the turn, and I returned the stare unflinchingly, following the progress of his pickup truck. Even at that distance I could see the tufts of black hair poking up where his flannel shirt was slightly open at the top, and those ice-blue eyes, the black hair and moustache, the burned-in tan. I could feel something from him, something strong and hard. I could almost smell him.

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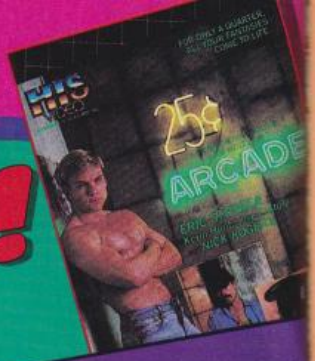

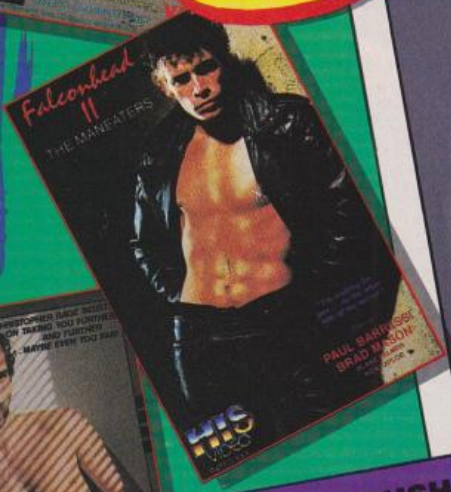

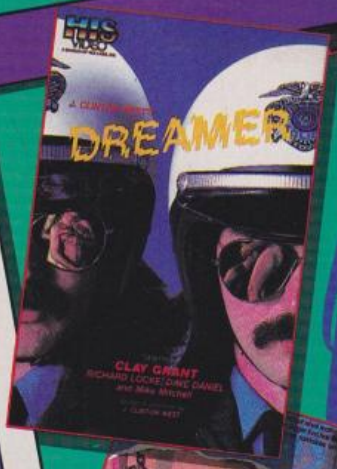

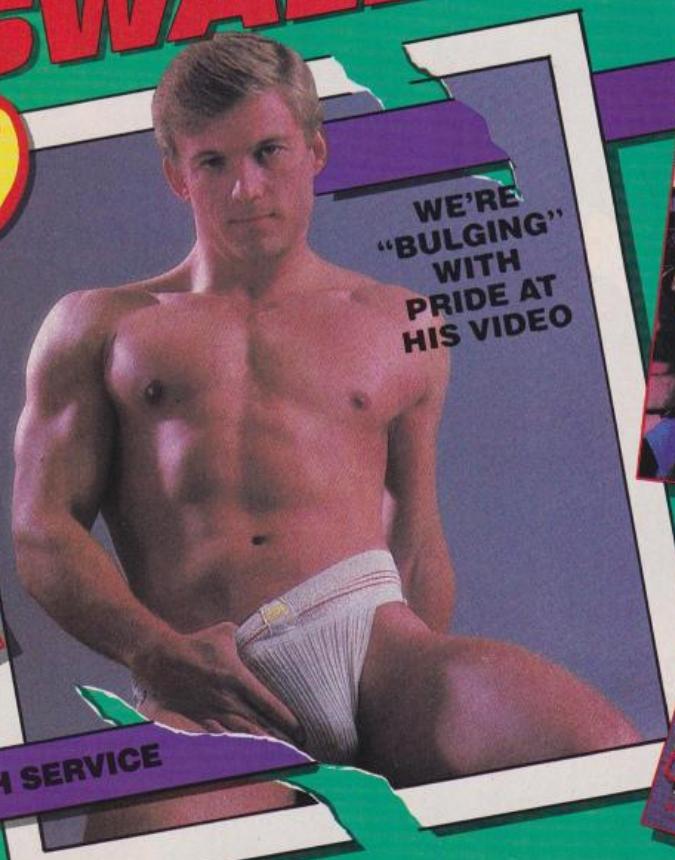

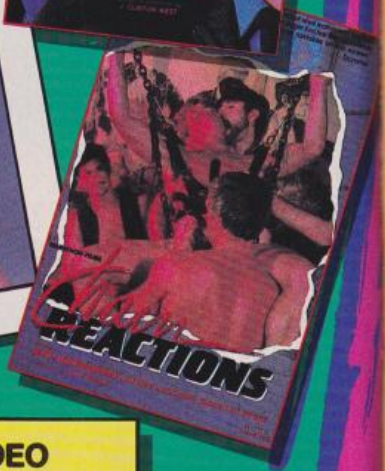

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This was crazy, I tried to convince myself. But I was overcome with an intense heat, a powerful urge that made me act without thinking about the consequences. I dropped my hands to the buttons of my jeans and slowly opened them as the truck sat there. I could feel his eyes watching me in the rearview mirror. I dropped my pants and waved my stiffer at him; my body was flush with heat.

And in spite of my relative inexperience, something deep, something animal began to stir inside me.

I turned and watched as the truck moved past me and on down the road, going slower and slower until it pulled off the road and stopped, the motor still running. I just stood there and looked after him for a little, but then something crazy happened in my head. I did something I didn't know I was going to do, something I had never done before. I wanted him so much, I guess, I was feeling reckless. I dropped my hands to the buttons of my jeans and unbuttoned them one by one. I could feel those eyes still, though I couldn't actually see them; I could feel them watching me in the rearview mirror. Right there on the road, I opened my fly and slowly pulled my pants down and showed my cock, which had started getting hard the moment our eyes first met.

Was this the nice all-American college kid, I asked myself, about myself? Was this the captain of the swim team? Yet I felt free and good with the sunlight warming my shaft and my balls hanging free in the warm air.

No other traffic yet.

I unbuttoned my shirt. I'd give him a good look at my tight bod. I was proud of my smooth, tan chest and my hard, defined belly. Let him have a good look at the thick, sandy hair underneath my bellybutton.

Still no traffic.

I took my shirt off and just stood there, my pants down to my knees and my entire upper body bare. That did it. The truck pulled into a U-turn and started back in my direction. I pulled up my pants and stepped down the embankment on my side of the road. As the branches and the undergrowth closed around me, I heard the brakes of his truck, then the door opening and closing. I dropped my pants again and leaned back against the trunk of a tree, my dick standing up hard.

I was a little startled when he came through the undergrowth; he was bigger than I had thought, taller and more solidly built. Now I could see the black hair along his forearms where his sleeves were rolled up. The hair on his forehead was slightly receding, as it often is on very hairy men, even young ones. He was maybe late twenties, early thirties.

His gaze was unflinching as he moved toward me, as was mine. I just stood there, almost naked, my back against the tree, my legs wide open. Not a word was spoken. He didn't smile. He didn't blink. He walked straight over to me and, taking my shoulders in his big, hairy hands, pulled me against him and stuck his tongue down my throat. The boldness of the gesture and the easy strength with which he did it were overwhelming. He kept his tongue down my throat so long I thought I would black out.

Finally he pulled back and, still looking at me, spoke at last, just four words: "Get in the truck." Then he turned and left me standing there. He didn't look back. He disappeared back into the undergrowth and up the embankment.

I pulled up my pants and put on my shirt and was up that embankment and in the truck in a matter of seconds. Somehow I knew that I was not to say anything. He reached over and put his hand on my leg and squeezed it hard from time to time as he drove, but that was the only communication between us. I didn't know where we were going and I didn't care. Wherever it was, when we got there, *he* would be there, and that was all I cared about.

No one would miss me. I had come up by myself to open the family cabin well ahead of my mom and dad's arrival. I was twenty and still vacationed with the family from time to time, twenty and not very experienced and more than a little shocked at the brazenness of my own behavior. Undressing on a public road for the eyes of a passing stranger! I felt myself beginning to tremble, both at the realization of the intensity of my compulsion and in suspense and anticipation of what was yet to come.

The stranger at the wheel gave no impression of improvisation; he knew where we were going. He drove steadily, always watching the road. We turned off at a dirt side road that was unfamiliar to me and started winding up to a higher level. The woods grew thicker, and we were bumping around a lot.

Finally he pulled the truck off to the side, stopped, and turned off the engine. This time he said just two words: "Follow me." And he got out of the truck.

Through the bushes and up a trail we went. I could hear running water, the sound

Continued to page 75

LEG MAN

BY ALAIN CHARLES • ART BY WEST

What do you think is my favorite part of a man? No, besides that, shithead. Legs. Yeah, big, muscular, hairy legs—thighs and calves, calves and thighs. Well-defined and solid. Masses of muscle. Muscles for standing, muscles for thrusting. Tendons and ligaments connected to a well-oiled pelvis, setting a stud in motion. Yeah, I'm a leg man, all right . . .

What the fuck is the cunt doing now? The cunt in question was my landlady. I had hoped to sleep late, but the cocksuckers removing scaffolding materials from a truck in front of the building were making enough noise to wake Jimmy Hoffa.

"Shit", I muttered (the older I get, the more I mutter), "the cunt makes the slightest, usually unnecessary improvement, and we get socked with another permanent rent hike."

It was ten o'clock. Might as well get up and see if the mailman has brought anything interesting, I decided—like a check, maybe.

My neighbor Gary was already in the vestibule. He greeted me with a lascivious moan instead of a hello, then went into his god-awful Mae West impression: "Did ya see the one in the gray sweat pants, big boy?"

"What?"

"The Sicilian workers who are going to resurface the front of the buildin'."

"How exactly did you acquire that info?"

"Oooooo." she/he cooed, "I keep my ears open, big boy—and just about everything else, too. If you have any luck, let me know."

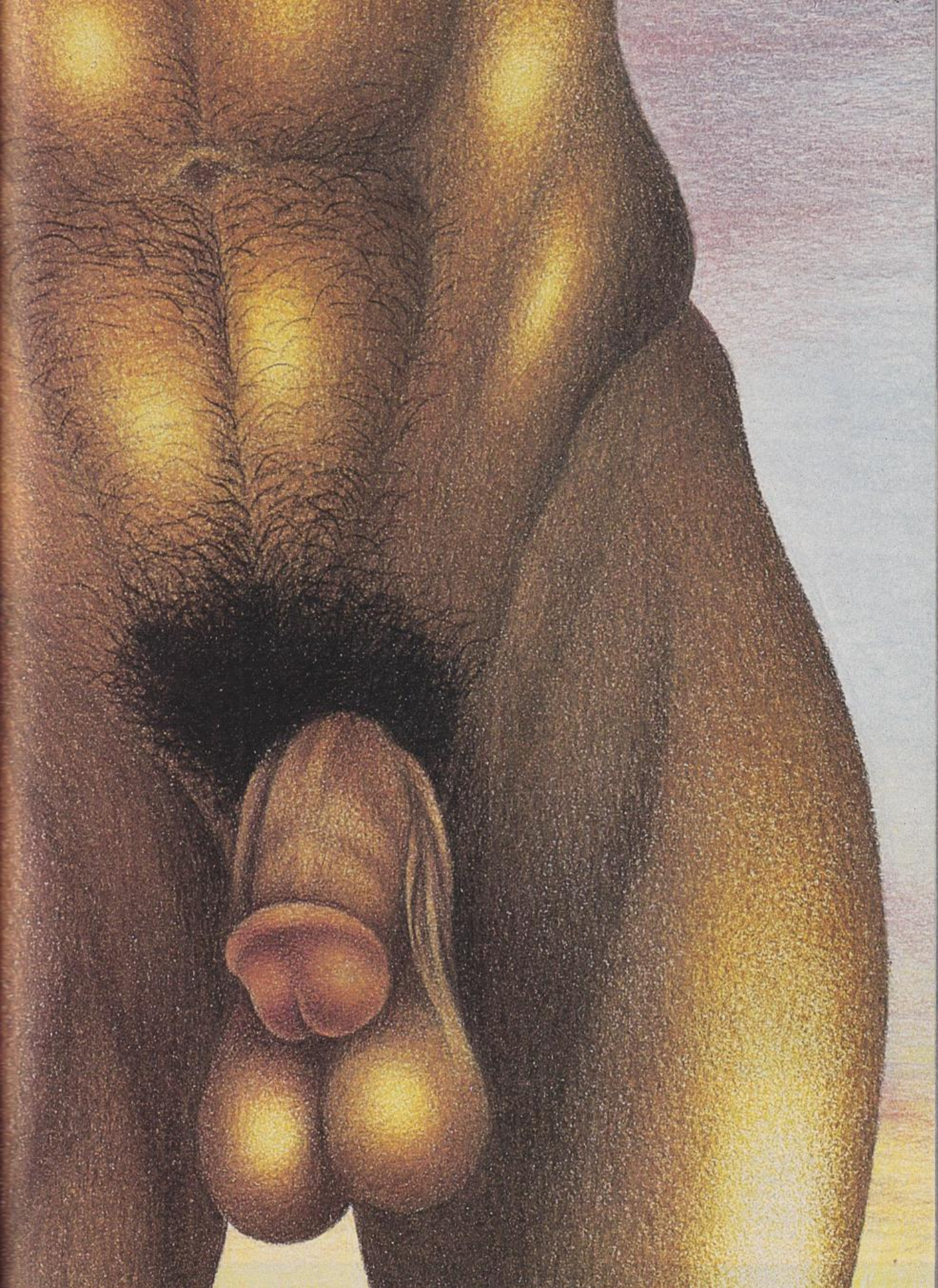
"Gary, compared to you, I'm Mother Theresa."

He sashayed up the steps, then turned and said, "Oh, yeah, what about the electricians you blew when La Landlady rewired last year? The cunt should have rewired her pussy. It's got teeth, ya know." He raised his eyes heavenward, then wiggled out of sight.

The next morning, on my way to the can, I detected some movements outside the living room window. The shade was up about a foot and a half, and standing outside were two massive legs in gray jersey sweat pants. The workmen had erected scaffolds on each floor level, and now through the partially open shade these two incredible examples of homo erectus were lifting and bending as their owner hefted resurfacing materials from the scaffold below.

Sheltered by the plants on the windowsill, I got down on the floor for a peek at what these mammoth flesh-and-bone columns were supporting. Yum-yum. The guy

West.



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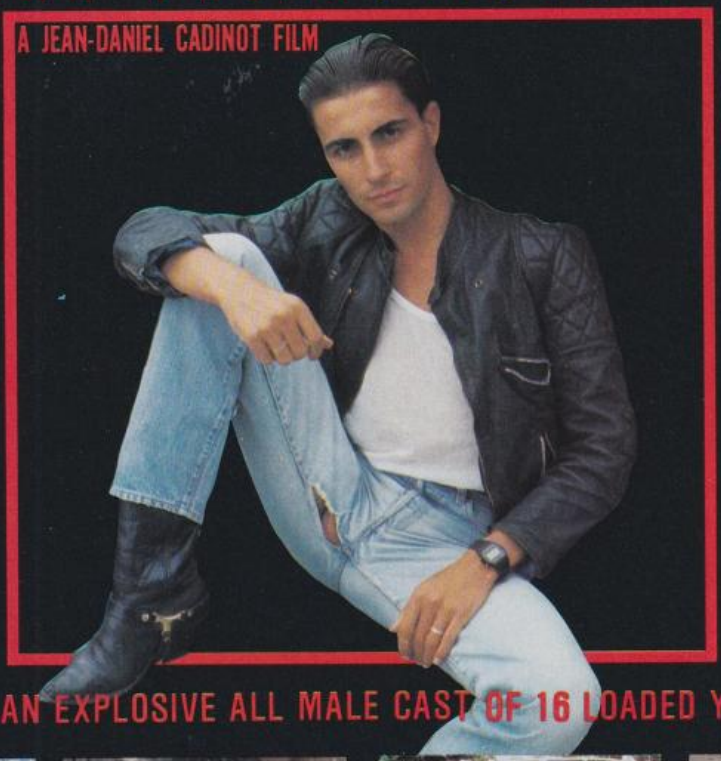

PART 1 TOP MODELS Jean-Daniel has chosen seven of his hottest models for this collection of four ball draining hard action episodes. The first stars Lucien Malard, a darkly handsome and sexy Rudolf Valentino type, and David di Lorenzo, a real sex machine with all the right stuff - thick and quick!
Filmed as if the camera itself is one of the participants, this experience with Lucien and David ranks as one of the most passionate and erotic you will ever see! But save some for the next three episodes of TOP MODELS. They won't let you down!

PART 2 GOOD TIME-SUMMER TIME Starring 10 loaded young men at a country school where sex seems to be the only subject on anybodies mind. Along with the humpy male nurse, the cook, the office clerk and the extraordinary gardner this film is like witnessing an unpublished episode of "THE YOUNG LORD CHATTERLEY'S LOVER." The wildly sensual scene in the greenhouse between the gardner and the aristocratic blond will convince you!

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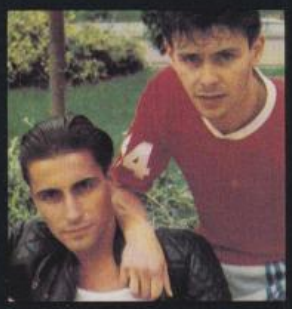

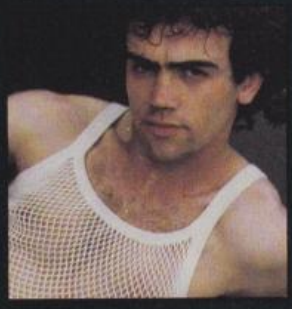

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I was wakened by the sound of the workmen. I eased my way over to the window and looked through the crack in the shade. Standing outside the window were two massive legs in gray jersey sweat pants. The workmen had erected scaffolds on each floor level and I watched through the shade as these two incredible examples of *homo erectus* bent, lifted, and flexed.

LEG MAN

had just stood after receiving a gallon container from below, and as sometimes happens, his sweat pants slid into his ass crack as he stood up, sharply defining his manly flanks. His tanktop accentuated his massive back and tapering waist. He was turned away from me, and I could see gray streaks at the sides of his abundant black hair.

But it was mostly those legs that piqued my curiosity. I mean, after all, sweat pants are baggy, and this guy's pants were tight around the calves. I looked up and caught a glimpse of his crotch, a gold wedding band, and a rose tattoo on his shoulder—in that order.

He finally turned and I could estimate his age: about thirty-seven. His ruggedly handsome face had well-defined features, foremost of which were two vertical lines that stretched from under his strong cheekbones to his square jaw. They seemed to have been carved with a knife. From the shape his upper torso was in, I decided that weightlifting, along with his work, was what kept him so beautifully toned.

I was finally able to pull myself away from the window to shower and get my shit together. I'm a freelance illustrator and I work out of my apartment. I was afraid that as long as this colossus was out there, my work would progress a bit slower than usual.

For two days I kept my shades at half-mast. I do value my privacy and did have an assignment to complete. And to be perfectly candid, it gave me a better opportunity to crawl on the floor and sneak peaks at Maximo. (Coworkers calling him provided me with his name, and from their chitchat I gathered he didn't speak English.)

"Maximo, Maximo." I rolled the name on my tongue.

On day three of his presence, I left my shades up, having observed that he avoided looking in my windows—probably something one learns not to do in his line of work. Gary confirmed this, relating that he'd been walking around in bikini briefs all day and the workman on his floor had never looked in.

Eventually, the novelty of having this hunk outside my window wore off, and I went about my normal routines as though he wasn't there. But on day five, a Thursday, I had two beers on an empty stomach and they knocked me out. I went into the bedroom and stripped for a nap. I knew Maximo was working between the window frames, and while I couldn't see him now, at some point he might have to work in front of the bedroom window. I really didn't care. Hey, that's his problem, I thought drowsily.

But as I lay there, my mind began to stray, and knowing he was out there and that I could easily be discovered aroused me. My cock stiffened, and I found myself tugging my bush and stroking my chest. Then faster than you can say, "Maximo, fuck my brains out," I began pumping my rod. Images of him appeared—bending and lifting, his sweat pants embedded between his big, muscular ass cheeks when he stood up straight. I reached for my favorite lube; there was no way I was going to accomplish anything constructive until my libido was taken care of.

I looked out the window and pretended that Maximo was visible, and, as if I had willed it, he appeared. His back was towards me and he was shirtless. I was about to rise and get clear of his view, but the familarity of my surroundings lured me back to bed. It was, after all, my bedroom.

As I watched his broad, sweat-glossed shoulders and muscle-swollen sweatpants, I pumped my well-oiled cock. He turned. I could tell by his reaction that he saw me, but he quickly looked away and continued working. Sex is sex, however, and human nature is human nature; knowing he had just to raise his head and see a naked person jerking off, he slyly looked in when he imagined I wasn't looking out. How could I possibly not look out? He was the fucking reason I was jerking off at twelve-thirty in the afternoon!

A coworker called up in Italian. I recognized the word *mange*. Maximo called down his order, then picked up a cloth to wipe his hands. As he did this, his glances into my room became longer and less discreet. The lunch break had freed his concentration from work.

His deep-set eyes pierced me like a hawk staring down a rabbit. I ran my gaze up and down his hairy chest as he watched me beat my meat, my widely spread legs directly in his line of vision. He continued cleaning his hands nonchanlantly, but he had noticeably straightened his posture and sucked in his stomach, aware that he was the object of my arousal. I was sure he'd had his share of passes.

He dropped the cloth and assumed a macho stance, locking his legs and thrusting his pelvis out. Then he raised his arms and raked his fingers through his abundant Sicilian hair. Sensuously he stroked nonexistant dust from his chest and forearms. No doubt about it, now *he* was performing for *me*, and making no

bones about looking in the window to gauge my reaction.

I raised myself up from the pillow for a better view, and when he noticed this, he smiled. I smiled back, feeling that wonderful rush of relief when some form of contact is made. I focused my vision on the drawstring of his sweat pants, then raised my eyes to his. I repeated this sequence a few times, and when next our eyes met, I put my hand at my navel and pulled an imaginary string.

He smiled broadly, baring big white teeth under his shaggy moustache, then looked around. We were on the top floor, and to protect pedestrians from debris, the workmen had suspended from the roof an orange canvas tarp, which enclosed the scaffold. When Maximo realized that no one, not even his coworkers below, could see him, he unknotted the string and slid the pants to his ankles. He seemed genuinely pleased by my interest in his physicality. He looked in, still smiling, and put his knuckles against his hips.

I moaned loudly. Thighs for days—and nights! Chiseled masses of manflesh surrounded the mesh jock pouch, itself framed by stray black cockhairs. I spun my hand, and he understood. He turned, then flexed his exposed glutes; they were firm and well-shaped, separated by dense hair sprouting between the ass cheeks. After a few minutes of ass squeezes, he turned to face me and put his thumbs in the waistband of his jock. With a silly grin, he raised his bushy eyebrows, as if to say, "Want me to?" I nodded.

Maximo pulled the jock down, then stood up straight. The scaffold was about a foot and a half below my window and as I could only see him from mid-calf up, he looked totally naked. The September sun filtering through the orange tarp cast warm tones on his body as he scratched and squeezed his meat. In a few seconds, his dark genitals were swinging freely and half hard. The supporter's elastic had left sexy patterns on his swarthy skin.

He watched as I stroked my cock with increasing enthusiasm, obviously turned on by his nudity. He raised an arm to flex a bicep, and I laughed good-naturedly, then so did he. Like a kid showing off, he embarked on a display of bodybuilding poses. It was like a dream—looking out my bedroom window and not seeing the familiar brownstones across the street, but instead, bathed in an orange haze, a hot Mediterranean stud flexing his muscles for me. Naked. Bare-assed naked. Posing right outside my window, with enough uncut meat between his legs to feed a family of four.

His eyes seemed to glaze over as though he were someplace far away—but I was with him. We were at a body-building competition, I was the audience, and the scaffold was the stage.

His meat got fully hard as I reached the point of no return. I stared at his huge cock and his heavy balls swaying under their curly black "hat," and, I shot my load across my belly and chest. As I lay back, I heard his coworkers calling him.

As I approached the screened window, he was quickly dressing. In what little Italian I know, I thanked him and told him he was handsome. He nodded and smiled.

Orgasm has a nasty way of clearing the head, temporarily. I pulled down the shade and swore to myself never to do that again while the building was being resurfaced. But later that evening as those horny juices re-entered my bloodstream, I thought about Maximo and found myself floating into the bedroom. I went to the window and removed the screen.

The next Monday, I delivered the freelance job and was back at my apartment by eleven. Maximo was busily brick-pointing as I entered. I assumed my position on the living room floor, hidden by plants, to watch him work. He frequently looked into the bedroom window, pehaps aware that the mesh barrier had been removed.

I went into the bedroom, opened the window, and stuck out my head. "Hello," I called.

He smiled a friendly smile but didn't speak.

In the kitchen, I uncapped two Heinekins, then returned to the bedroom and offered one to Maximo. It was close to his lunch hour, and I figured he'd like one. He accepted it cheerfully, and when his lunch hour did finally arrive a few minutes later, he sat on my bedroom windowsill to eat the sandwich he'd brought.

When I offered another beer, he turned to face the apartment and looked around with interest, so I signaled him to enter for a better look. When he was near the bathroom, I pointed to it and mimed washing hands. He nodded, went in, and closed the door. He was shirtless, and as he passed I sucked in his raunchy blue-collar aromas. He pissed loudly in the can, then used the sink to wash.

When he came out of the bathroom, he continued his tour, stopping at my drawing table. Unasked, he picked up a pencil and did a sketch of Mickey Mouse. We both laughed. (I knew from the day before that he was a showoff.) He then sketched a rose and afterwards pointed to the tattoo on his shoulder. I realized he had designed it. I was impressed and made a point of showing it. Then, quite without forethought, I walked over to him to closer examine the tattoo. I touched it lightly with two fingers, but my hand had a mind of its own. It started massaging his shoulder and soon his chest, gently pulling flecks of dried paint from the chest hairs. I looked into his eyes affectionately, and he bared his teeth in a silly, slightly uncomfortable grin. His arms hung limply at his sides, sending me what I took as a do-what-you-want message.

I reached for the drawstring and slowly pulled it, then dropped to my knees as I slid

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I reached for the familiar drawstring and slowly pulled it, dropping to my knees while sliding the sweat pants down. I wrapped my arms around his hot, hairy thighs, brushing my cheek and nose against the coarse fabric of his jock pouch. Playfully, I massaged his hips and naked buttocks, repeatedly snapping the legbands of his supporter, stinging his ass.

the sweat pants down. I wrapped my arms around his hairy thighs and brushed my cheek and nose against the coarse fabric of his jock pouch. The smells of sweat, elastic, and genitals fogged my senses. I massaged his hips and naked buttocks, repeatedly snapping the legbands of his supporter. His stiffening cock bucked against my face through the mesh, and with one wild tug I pulled the jockstrap to his ankles.

He sat on the edge of my desk, his dark, thickly veined prick fully hard and pointing straight out. He wrapped his large hand around the cockshaft and lightly stroked it, pulling the foreskin back and forth over the blunt maroon head of his penis. With each successive pull, more and more pre-cum oozed out. When the bulbous cockhead was totally wet and shiny, he put his hands behind his head and let the organ jerk itself up and down.

I was still on my knees. The scent of his sweaty bush and his big, hairy balls mingled with the fragrance of fresh ejaculate and drew my head forward like a magnet. My tongue encircled his cockhead. I wanted ever so slowly to take the huge organ into my mouth, but Maximo had other ideas.

He lowered his arms and put one hand on top of my head, the other around the back of my neck. Rising from the desk, he quickly plunged his cock into my mouth and held my face against his bush as my throat received his cockhead. I thought I would suffocate. He finally withdrew, then began to face-fuck me savagely with the motions of his powerful rotating pelvis. No language problem here. Even though the sounds he made were more animal than human, the message was clear. For ten minutes or more, he pumped me steadily as I kneaded his thighs and calves.

I pulled his cock out of my mouth for a breather and began to unlace his boots and pull them off. Then I stood up and quickly stripped. As soon as I was naked, I walked into the bedroom and got into bed. I threw my legs over my head and rubbed a mound of lube around and into my asshole. I assumed Maximo would need no instruction. And I was right. He stood in the doorway as naked as I was and watched my fingers doing what I wanted his cock to do. My mouth had rendered him boiling hot and about to explode. Whether this was his cup of vino or not, his throbbing cock and not his brain controlled him now. And *it* wanted something tight, hot, and wet.

He approached the bed like a stalking panther, his fat Mediterranean meat leading him as it sought out something to fuck. He rested a knee on the bed, and I removed my fingers from my ass and let my dilated pucker pulsate a welcome. He was staring at my crotch so I reached down to grab my buttocks and spread them. He raised his other knee onto the bed and knealt in front of me. Grabbing his cock, he rubbed the tip against my ass lips to lubricate it. I relaxed my sphincter and engulfted his cockhead. Once inside me, he grabbed my ankles and quickly slid the rest of his meat into me. Like a mechanical bull in a redneck bar, he bucked and bounced and slid his large organ in and out of my greedy ass.

"Fuck, baby, fuck," I encouraged.

As he continued fucking, he looked down at me and smiled, saying "You like?" When I nodded, he answered, "Good."

I was surprised, not that he knew a little Engish but that he wanted to please me.

We were now in sync. As I masturbated and he fucked, we matched each other groan for groan. His squint-eyed yelp signaled orgasm, and I shot my load across his hairy abdomen. He fell on top of me, and I put my arm around his neck and buried my nose in his moist hair. He rested a while, then raised his head and kissed my forehead.

He washed and dressed and returned to work, but he dropped by later to say goodnight. I suggested dinner. Despite the language barrier, he understood; he shook his head and pointed to his wedding band.

But as he climbed down the scaffold, he looked up and winked. "Tomorrow," he said.

The hunk was no tease. When the next day came, so did he—right down my throat! And for the remaining two weeks of repairs, during *his* lunchhour, *I* ate. His big Sicilian cock fed my mouth *and* my ass. When the scaffolds came down, I slipped him my phone number, but he never used it. The end of work meant the end of play. Or, more likely, taking advantage of a situation was one thing: going out looking for it, something else.

The first warm day of spring I was on the stoop across the street surveying my resurfaced building. They had done a perfect job, I saw. The paint was even and glossy and had survived the winter without flaking. I went upstrairs to get my trusty binocs, then returned to the stoop. I had noticed a small dark patch over my window but couldn't tell what it was. I raised the lenses to my eyes, and as I adjusted them, a bright-red painted rose came into focus. ■

Doin' It After Hours

Continued from page 28

friend from school and you could shove your finger up my ass."

"My finger?"

"Then maybe you could shove your fat cock up after it."

"Why don't we skip my finger and go straight to my dick?"

"Go to it, baby," I said in a harsh whisper.

He rummaged through one of the cabinets underneath the counter next to the sink and pulled out a gallon of cooking oil.

"This is all we have," he said, opening the can and tipping some of it into the palm of his hand. He slicked his tool until it was shiny, then put the oil back inside the cabinet, walked over to the chair, and sat down. He grabbed his cock and waved it at me. "Okay, Johnny, my dick is all yours. Come and sit down on it. Pretend I'm Santa Claus and you're a little kid sitting on my lap and telling me what you want for Christmas."

I walked over to him, turned my back, and spread my legs. I reached down and grabbed hold of his cock. The thick shaft throbbed in my hand as I squeezed it and lowered myself until his cockhead was rubbing against my puckered asshole. I rubbed the tip up and down my crack, anticipating the pain I would feel when his cockhead shoved inside me. Juan Carlos grabbed me by the waist and pulled me down on him. I yelped but offered no resistance as he continued pulling me down, impaling me on his thick fucktool. The flesh around my pucker burned as my asshole stretched to accept the sudden intrusion, and I broke out into a cold sweat, but Juan Carlos didn't stop until he had all of his cock inside me.

"That's it, Johnny," he whispered. "You have all of it up your ass now." He wrapped his arms around my torso and kissed my sweaty back. "My dick feels so good up your ass. It's so tight."

"Does it feel as good as the ass of your friend?"

"Better." He leaned back in the chair and grabbed me by the waist. He pushed me off his cock until only the head remained inside me, then rammed me again.

"Oh, yeah," I sighed. I felt the oil heating up as I rode his shaft faster and faster, slamming down on Juan Carlos as if I were fucking myself. "Oh, baby," I cried, "your cock feels so good up my ass. So fucking good. So hot, so thick. Oh, Juan Carlos, I feel like I'm burning up."

"Yeah, Johnny, I know. I can feel the heat, too. It feels good, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yeah."

"You like the way my cock feels fucking your tight ass, huh?"

I moaned and nodded my head, my eyes squeezed shut.

Juan Carlos reached around and grabbed my cock with his right hand. It was still greasy from the oil he had slicked over his cock, and now he was slicking *my* dick. I was fucking myself so hard on his cock that all he had to do was hold my dick in his hand and it was like he was pumping me.

"Oh, yeah," I cried out, "I'm gonna come. I'm gonna . . . I'm coming!"

Juan Carlos reached around with his left hand and placed it underneath the tip of my cock. I shot my load into his palm. He raised it up to my mouth and offered me my load. I stuck my tongue out and lapped it up. All the while, I continued fucking myself on Juan Carlos' cock, until he moaned and cried out and shot his second load up my ass.

We sat there, him with his cock going limp inside me, me slumped on his lap, our bodies glued together with our sweat. After a while, I pulled myself off of his cock, and it popped out of my asshole with a wet, slurping sound. We dressed in silence. When we were ready to go, we turned to face each other. Juan Carlos was smiling.

"I'd like to have that drink you offered me earlier," he said, standing with his hands on his hips.

"You would? What about your wife?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't really have a wife."

"*What*?"

"I just said I did because I wasn't sure where you were coming from. I didn't know why you asked me out for a drink. I wanted to play it safe, you know what I mean?"

I nodded. "I suppose the next thing you'll tell me is that you're not really twenty-nine."

He grinned, then laughed.

"You're not, are you?"

He shook his head. "I lied. I'm sorry. I'm really twenty."

"Why did you lie? Afraid I might not have liked you if you were too young?"

He shrugged. "Let's go to your house for that, uh, drink. We'll be comfortable there, right?"

I nodded.

"I'd, uh, like to try and find out why my school friend liked it up the ass so much," he said, smiling wickedly.

"You don't have to," I said, even though I really did want to fuck him. His buns were smooth and round, and I would have given my left ball for a chance at eating out his asshole, let alone fucking it.

"But I *want* to," he said quietly. "Just promise me that you'll go easy."

"First time?" I asked.

He nodded.

Holy shit! I thought to myself. *Virgin cherry.* I couldn't wait to get home.

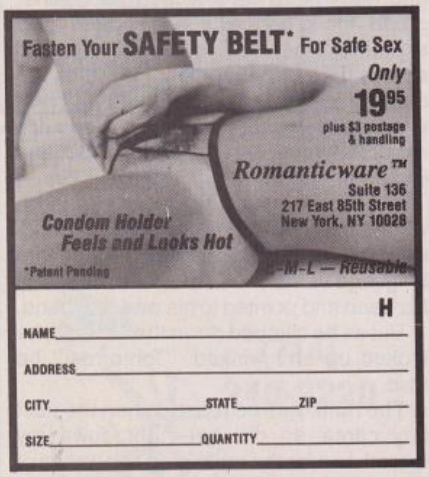
"Do you promise?" Juan Carlos asked, giving me his most soulful, little-boy-lost look, his smile, for once, faltering.

I smiled at him. "I promise." I said.

His smile returned, more confident than ever.

"I promise," I said again.

The *first* time, I did go easy. After that, he begged me not to. ■



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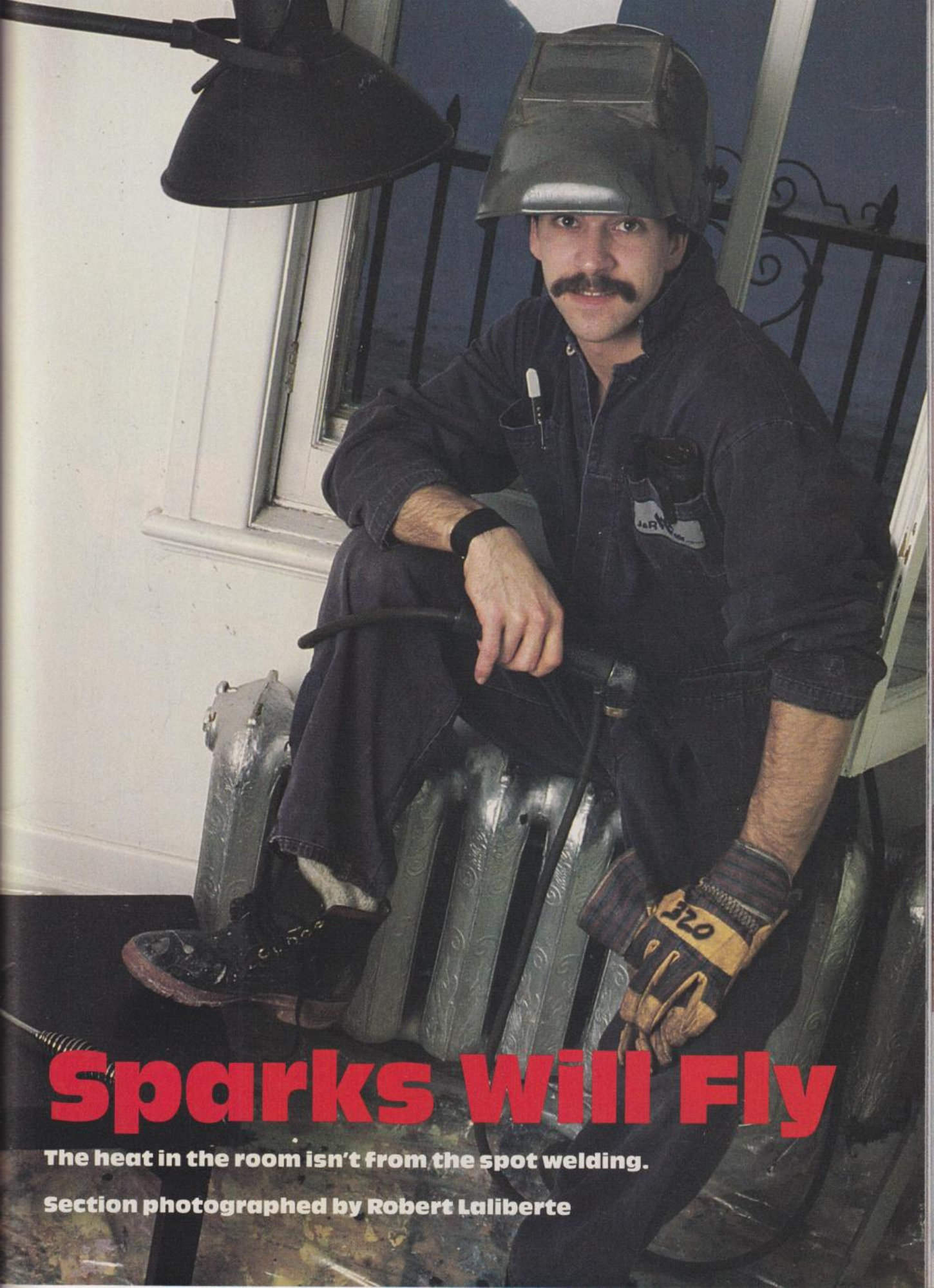


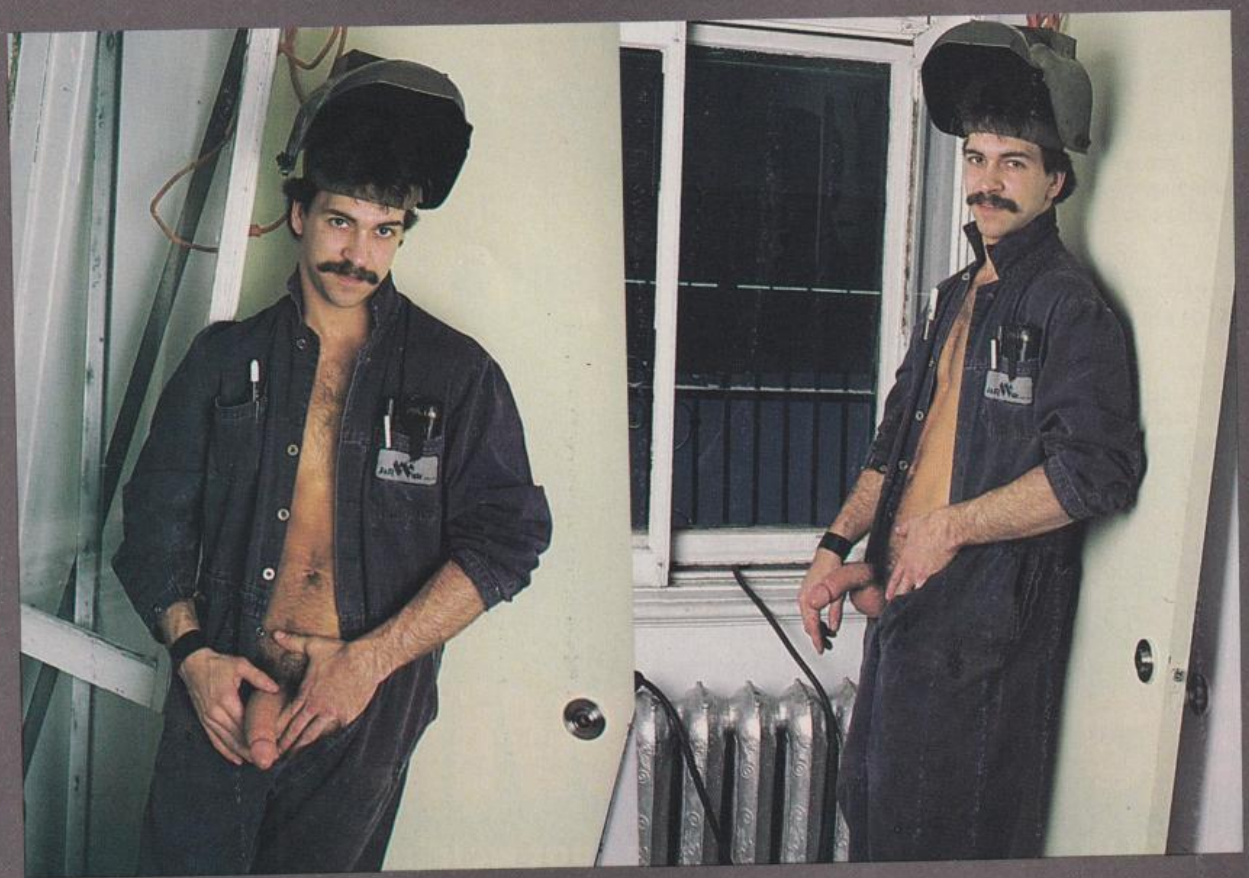
Sparks Will Fly

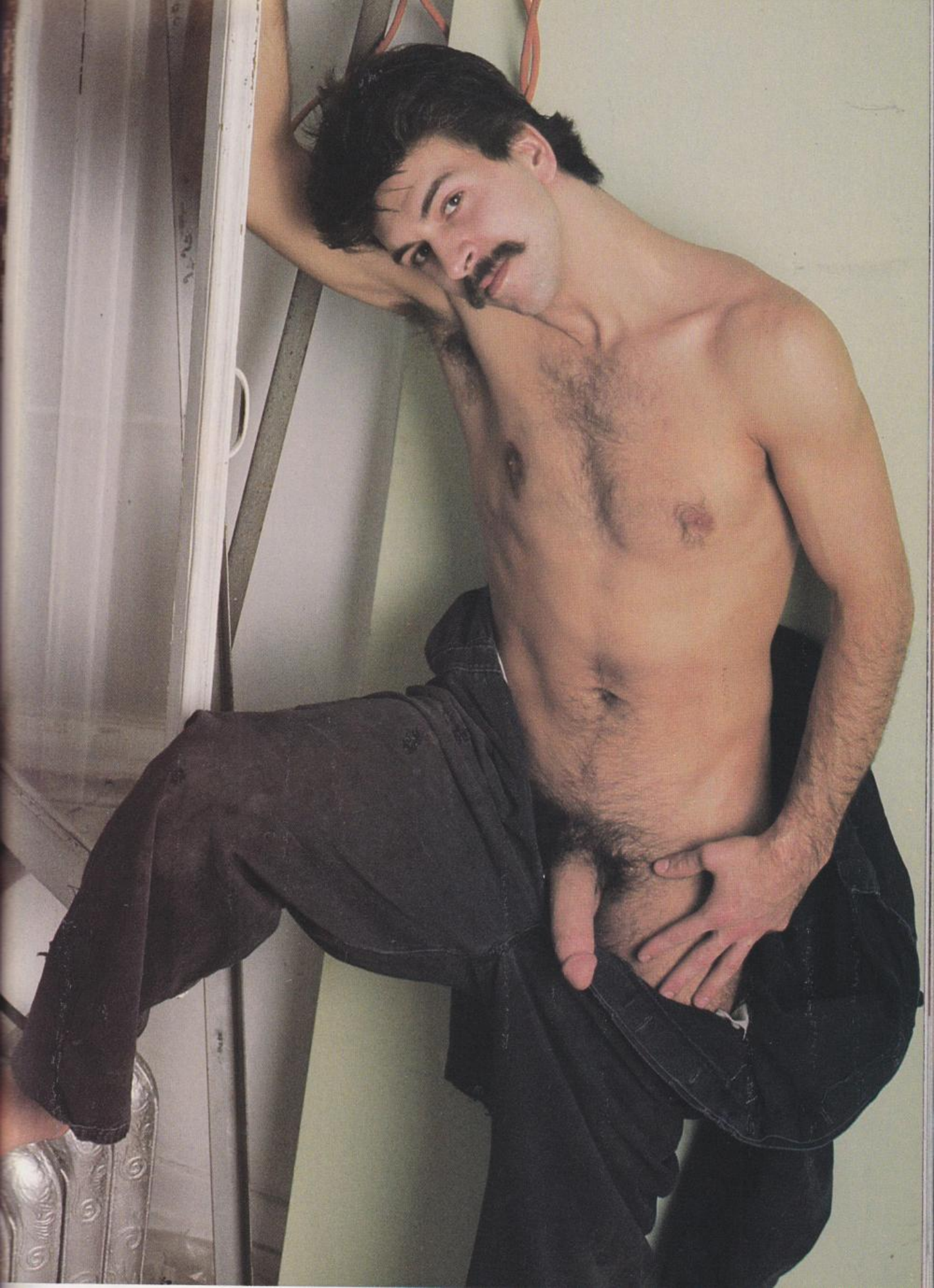
The heat in the room isn't from the spot welding.

Section photographed by Robert Laliberte

Sparks Will Fly

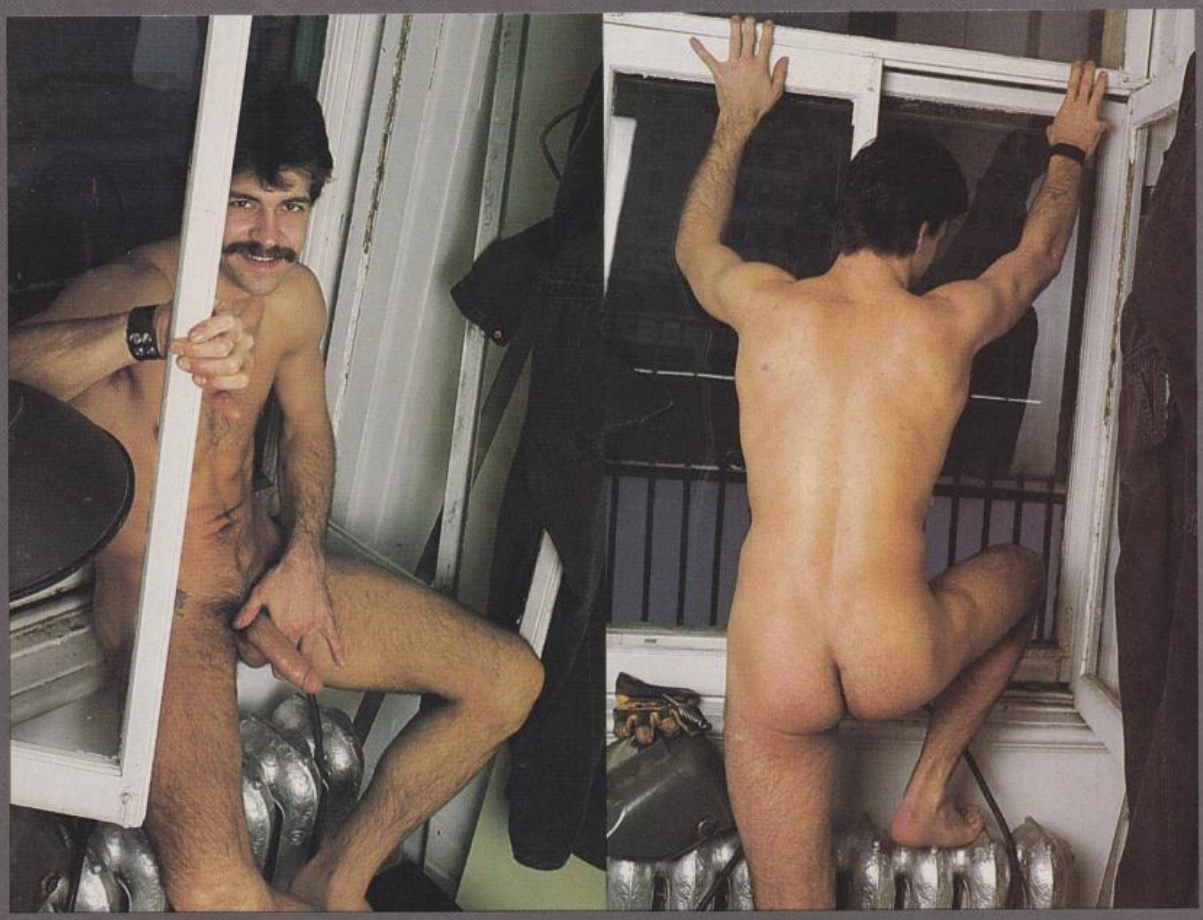
He knows his trade. He can start a fire wherever he wants.

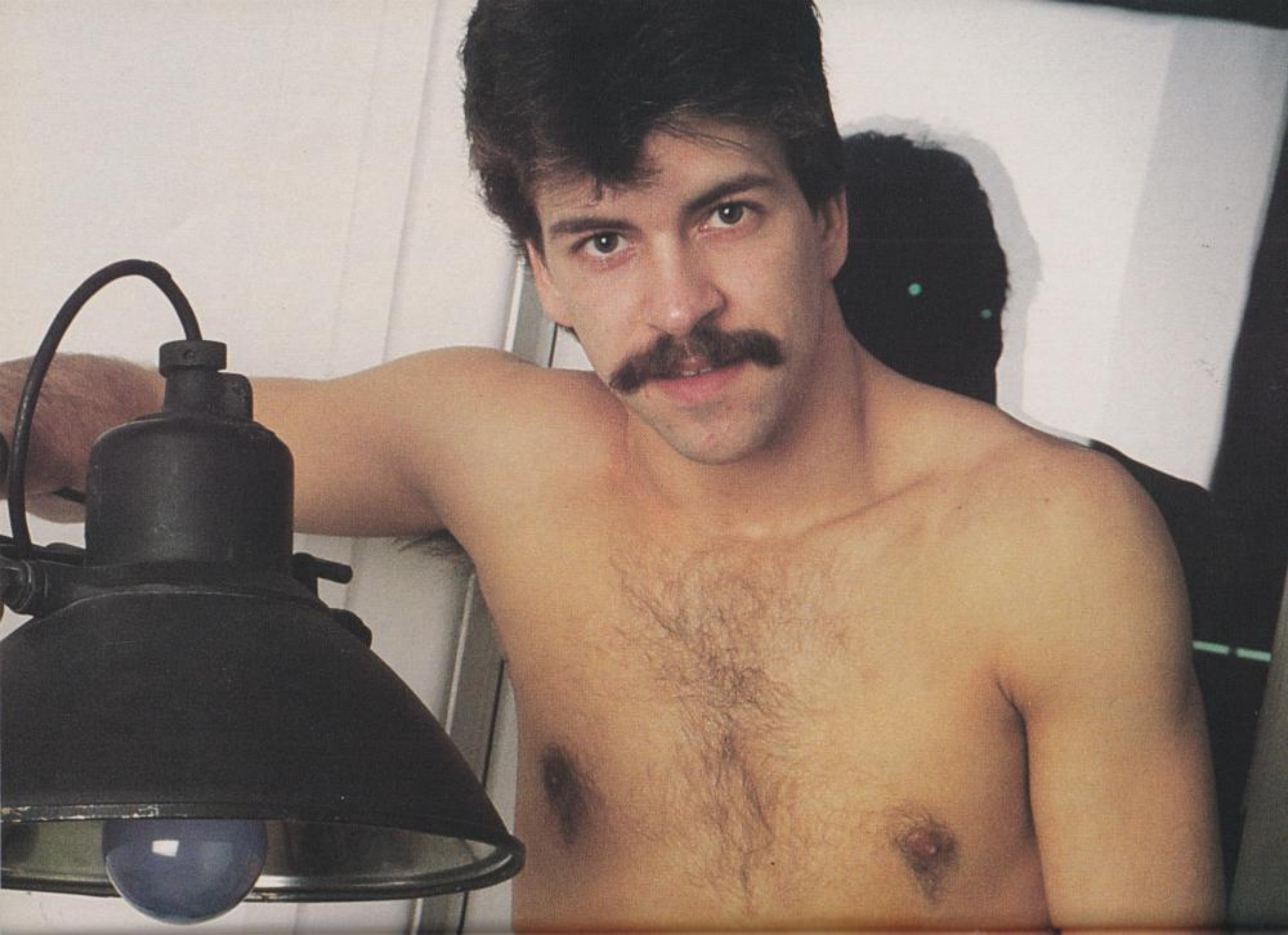


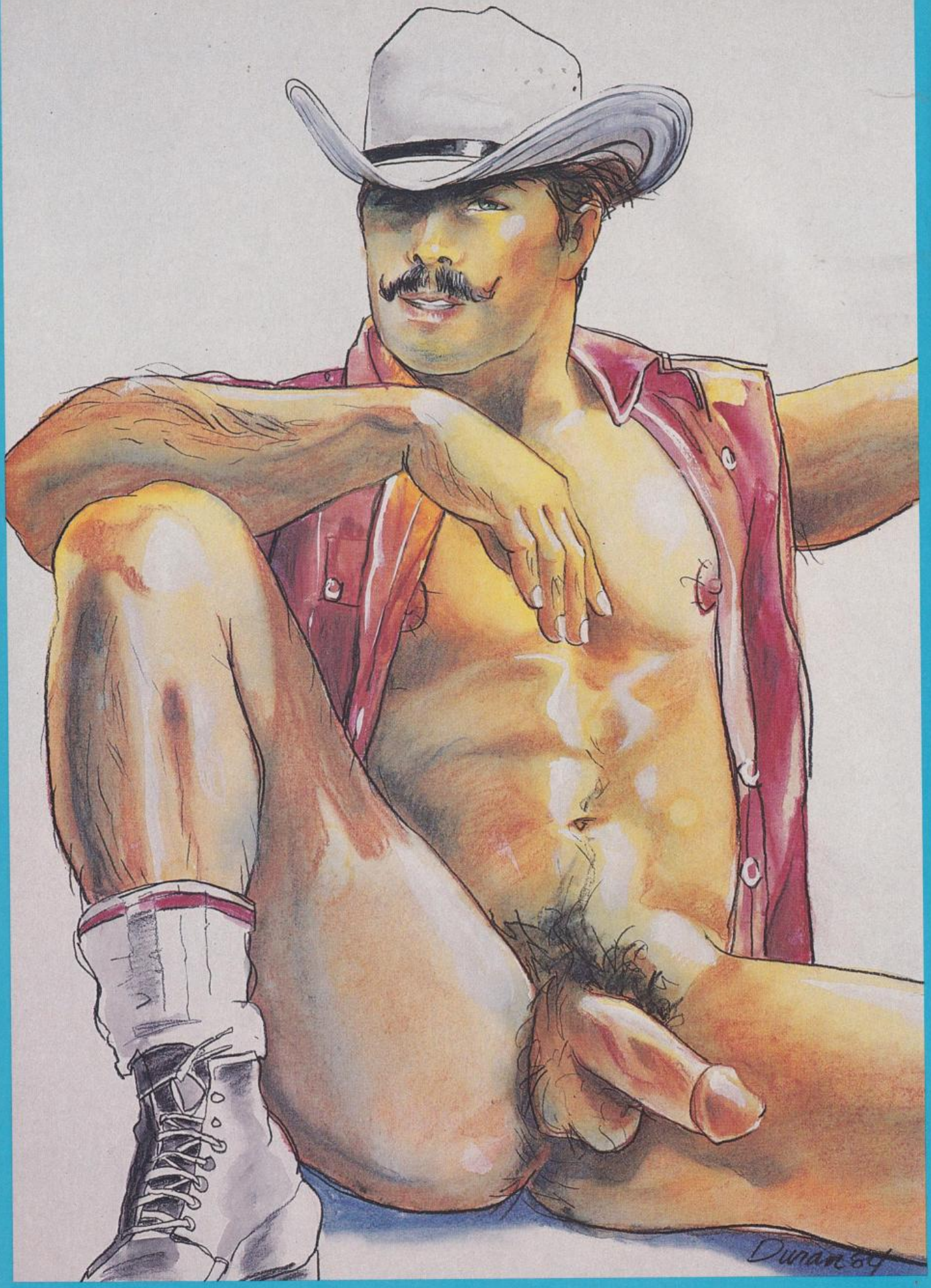


Sparks Will Fly

**Seems the more he takes off the bigger it gets.
Hot enough to melt even you.**






Durant 84

I let my eyes wander down to the big bulge between Robbie's legs. It was only a round lump now, but I'd noticed right away that it was stiff as a stick when he was first thrown off that bucking bronco. Maybe it was just bouncing around on the horse that made him go that way. Or maybe it was something else. What made this guy tick? As a reporter, I was determined to find out.

RIDE ME, COWBOY!

BY RICK ADAMS • ART BY DURAN

"Yaah-eeeeee!" he was shouting as he bounced through the air. "Come on, goddammit! Buck me, boy!"

I leaned on the top rail of the fence and smiled to myself. I'd never seen a real live cowboy before. Only on television. This wasn't exactly the TV version, I knew, but this fuckin' guy was a breed I hadn't met before. A breed I didn't know yet.

"Yeah-eeeee!" he shouted again. "Buck me, goddammit! Buck me, boy!"

His high-pitched squeal pierced through the dust as he jerked and kicked off the back of his bucking horse. He seemed to me to be desperately holding on. His legs struggled to grasp the horse's flanks each time he came down, and his hand was clutched at the horses's mane, which was streaming in the wind as its head bobbed and thrust wildly between the cowboy's legs like some gargantuan cock on the brink of shooting its load.

"Yaah-eee-eee!" His shout trailed off as he lost his grip and shot up over the horse's bucking head, about eight feet up and out, then plunged into the dust near the fence.

"Goddammit, that big bugger got the best of me again!" he shouted, grinning.

"You okay?" I asked.

He didn't answer, just raised his eyebrows a little, like he was wondering how I could be so fuckin' stupid as to ask that. "You the reporter fella for the story?"

"Yeah, sure thing," I said, trying to catch on quick.

"From the city?"

Now it was my turn not to answer. I just raised my eyebrows a little and took out a notepad and pen. "So why don't you tell me why you ride, what turns you on," I said. "How come you're a cowboy when you keep getting thrown in the dirt?"

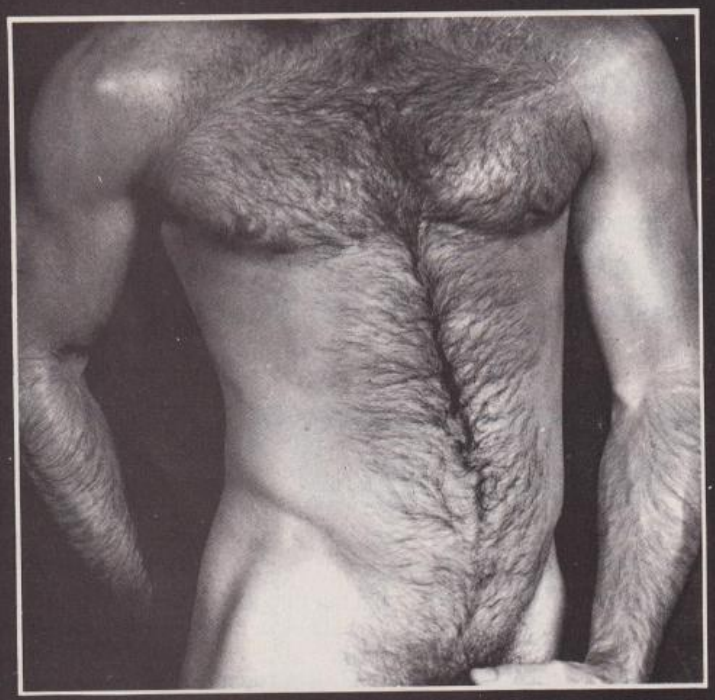
He started to ramble on, something about a cowboy's life, but I learned long ago never to listen very carefully to the first five minutes of an interview. That's when they say the things they want you to hear, not the things that you really want to know. Like that horse he was riding when I first got there—I knew that wasn't what he really wanted to ride; it was what he wanted me to *see* him ride. The real thing would be

second or third.

I'd learned that the first few minutes are best spent looking the guy over, checking out what he looks like, what he acts like. I scribbled some notes. Name: Robbie. Age: twenty-six. Body: not quite burly but solid. Looks: might be cute, hard to tell—unkempt hair, three-day beard, untrimmed moustache, a bit dirty. Cock: hard after riding!

I let my eyes wander down to the bulge between Robbie's legs. It was only a round lump now, but I'd noticed right away that it was stiff as a stick when he was first thrown off. Maybe it was just the bouncing around on the horse that made him go that way. Or maybe it was something more. I knew this is what I had to find out. This might be what made the guy tick. This might be my angle.

We've Made an Art of Talking Dirty



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"Wanna see me ride a steer?" he asked.

I hesitated, not wanting to seem too eager. This might be what he really wanted to ride. His second thing. Maybe.

"Sure. I guess so," I said. I kept stealing quick glances at his crotch. I had to know when his cock would start getting hard again. Or if it would.

I was a little embarrassed to ask the next question, but I had to do it for my story. "Could you just remind me what a steer is again. I know I should know, but . . . "

He threw his head back and roared, confirming his opinion of city-boy me. Then he leaned forward as if he was about to tell me something that might scare me. "It's a bull . . . minus a little something that makes him a real bull." He roared again, right in my face.

I grinned boldly at him, determined to get to his level. "I guess we're not just talking about getting circumcised here, are we?"

"Wrong end of the cock," he said, winking at me. "Castrated!"

"How come they do that? What's wrong with being a bull?"

"Bulls are for breeding," he drawled. "Steer's got meat that's tender, like city-boys." He threw back his head and roared even harder.

I tried to join in. "Tender meat . . . " I snorted.

My own meat was feeling a bit tender right then for sure, as I stole another look at the bulge in his pants. Little bits of excitement were coursing through it. Like it was trying to get ready for something. Maybe it was the talk. I kept watching Robbie's crotch for signs. His bulge was bigger, pushing out more. His dick was lengthening against the denim. I could see its form sticking out more plainly. Maybe it was the talk.

Robbie rode the steer while I watched from the other side of the fence and scribbled more notes. He tossed and bounced around much longer than I thought he could, and when he was thrown off he jumped right back on and rode some more. I watched his face for determination, his body for drive. There was no question now, his cock was stiff between his legs. I could see it each time he jerked into the air. But the question was still gnawing at my mind: Was the hard cock a result of the bucking or a reason for the bucking? I had to know.

He seemed to be riding with more of a frenzy each time he jumped the steer. He was building and building, getting more and more into it.

Finally, he fell into the dirt near me. Without warning, he looked me straight in the eye. "Let's go into the barn now," he rasped. His cock was bursting against his jeans when he stood up and strode off

"You been looking for some fucking cock ever since you got here, haven't you?" the cowboy growled. He pulled me forward by the dick and glared into my face. "I saw you lookin' at me. Well, you can see I know how to ride a horse. And I can ride a nice cityboy's ass, too." He yanked my cock out of my pants and squeezed the thick knob on the end. "Good," he said, "I'll have something to hold on to during my ride."

toward the barn. "Come on," he called to me a little impatiently.

I hadn't noticed before, but my own cock was pounding in my pants, and I quickly jumped over the fence and followed him.

Inside the barn, he grabbed my rod through the material. "You been looking for some fuckin' cock ever since you got here, haven't you?" he growled. He pulled me forward by the dick and glared into my face. "I saw you lookin' at me, Well, as you can see, I ride pretty good. And I can ride you, too, city-boy!"

He yanked out my cock and roughly squeezed the thick knob on the end. "Cut!" he said. Then as if to prove he was more a of bull than I was, he pulled out his own fat cock, long and hard, and completely covered with a heavy foreskin.

I strained my big one forward into his fist. I knew I had nothing to be ashamed of and everything to be proud of. "At least I'm not a steer!" I joked.

He smiled briefly, then pushed me back roughly by the cock. "We'll see if you ride as good as a fuckin' steer," he mumbled.

Not wasting a second, he got my pants down to my ankles and whirled me around. He tossed me down over a bale of hay on my hands and knees, grabbed crudely at my ass, and jumped on top of me with his legs wide apart. I heard him spitting on his dick, not bothering to rub the spit around. I began pushing my asshole out, preparing for the stab I was expecting.

I was right. He thrust his cock forward and tried to jab it into my hole with only his spit to ease the way. I shoved back, but not too much. I knew studs like this liked to force their way in.

Suddenly, he grabbed my hair and thrust his cock against my asshole. He tried to fuck it in hard three or four times, then pulled back to let another big gob of spit fall on his dickhead. "Come on, cit-boy! Don't be so fuckin' tight-assed. You gonna feel a real man's cock in your steer-hole!" He yanked back hard on my hair, rammed his thick cock forward, and seared into me.

It was my cue. I knew I had to compete with the real steer. Like a wild animal out of the starting gate, I fought him, squirming and kicking, savagely trying to throw him off. But he was crushing himself down on top of me, his fists yanking at my hair, his cock rampaging my asshole.

The more I fought, the more he fought back. The more frenzied I tossed under him, the more furiously he forced himself on top of me and the more ferociously he rammed his cock into me.

He was slamming my cock against the bale of hay under me, each thrust bruising my shaft and balls into it and scratching the tightened skin over the harsh edges of the hay. It was delicious pain that I fought to stop and fought to continue. I bucked and jerked, trying to throw him off, hoping he'd master me.

He quickened his stabs into my asshole until they were one continuous, overpowering blur. He was dominating me totally at last, sending cum-thrills through my loins, making my cock cream all over the hay. He kept on grunting and snorting, straining into me as deep as he could, then shooting his jizz far into my gut.

In a minute he pulled out, and we slowly got to our feet, unable to keep from grinning at each other, unable to keep from glancing at each other's eyes. But he was glancing at me strangely now, a little guiltily, a little nervously. Like a kid who realized he'd been caught doing something wrong. I knew what it was. I was here to do a story on him, and I'd found the secret he'd never meant for me to find. I knew why he rode steers. Why he kept fighting to master them, to master everything with his hard dick.

"So what are you going to write about me?" he asked, obviously apprehensive.

"Don't worry," I said. "I think I got my story." I sat down on the bale of hay and motioned him to sit beside me. I smiled at him and looked him straight in the eye. "The story will be about what makes you tick," I said. "It'll be about how you're a cowboy. How it's what you grew up to be, and how it's life itself to you. How you are just what you are. No apologies, no excuses, no cover-ups, no pretenses. You ride steers because you like it, and that's reason enough. Bucking is its own reward, and you don't need to explain that to anybody. That's all. That's the whole story."

We sat for a few minutes in silence. "Yeah," he said, "it's something like that. Yeah, I think you got it pretty good."

"I sure did. Thanks to you I got it good."

The city-boy grinned at the cowboy, and the cowboy grinned back. Later, the city-boy got it again. ■

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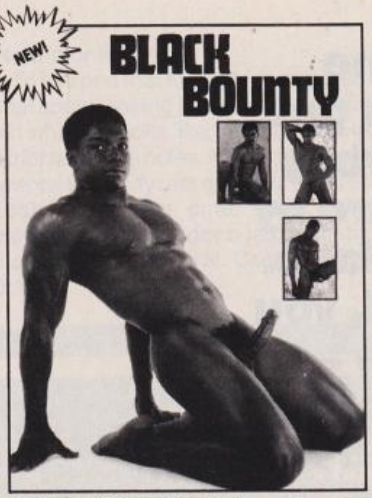

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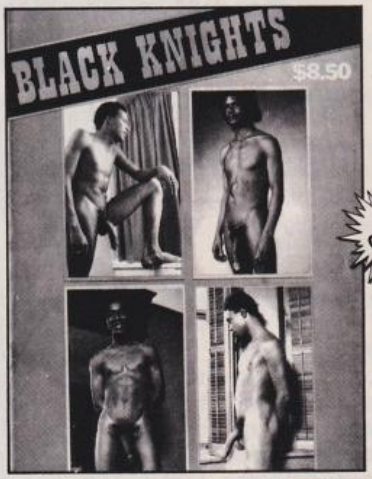

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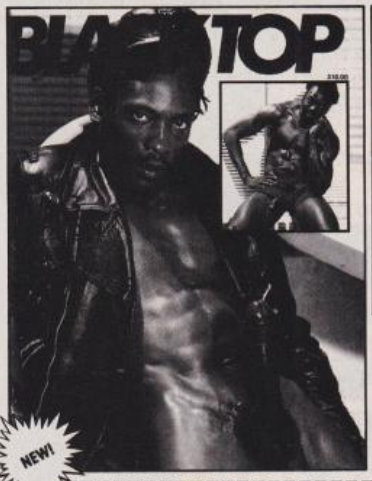

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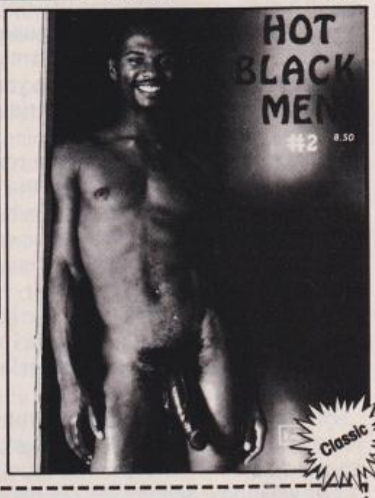

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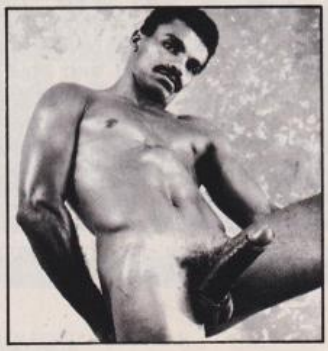

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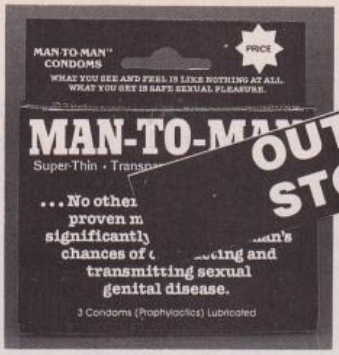

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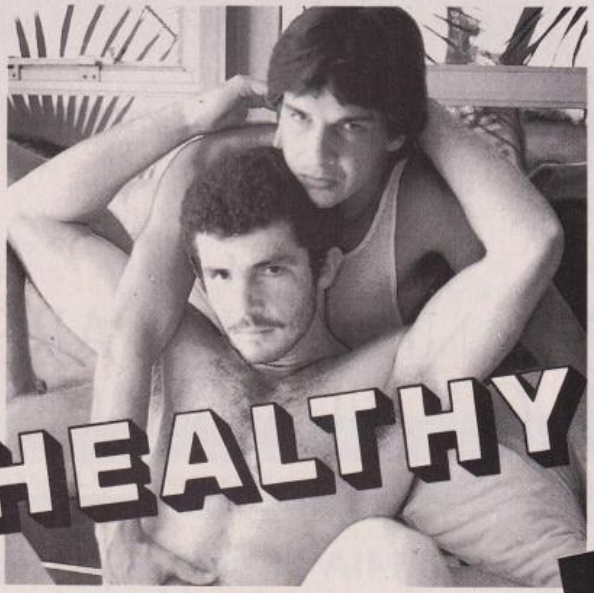

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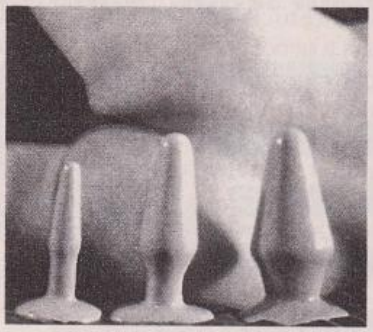

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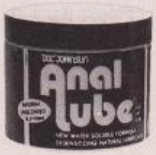

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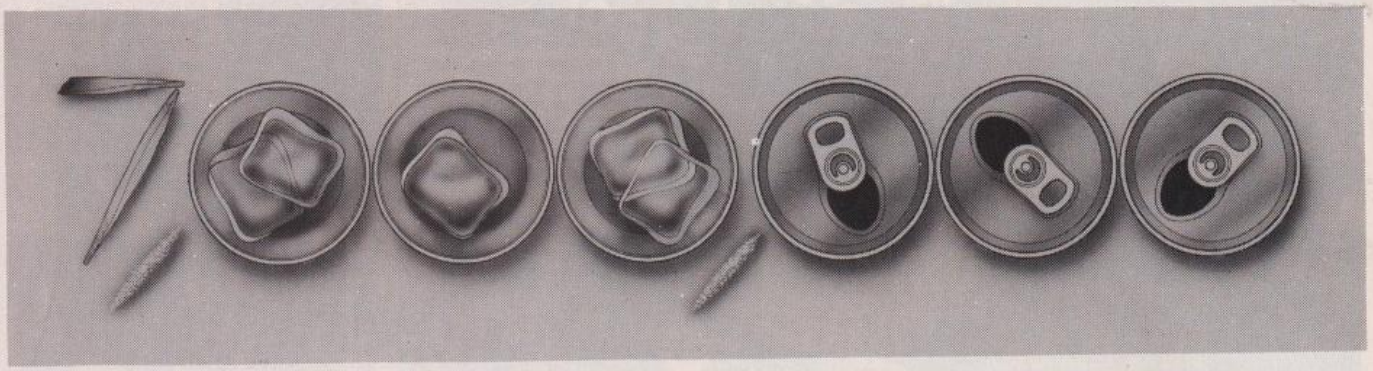

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MY FIRST REAL MAN

Continued from page 53

of a stream, and then a harder, rushing sound growing louder and louder as we moved along. Finally we came to a waterfall with a terrace of broad, flat, moist stones about ten feet away from where the torrent came crashing down. When I turned to look at my guide, he had already unbuttoned his shirt to the waist, and the matted black hair seemed to spill off of his chest.

"You wanted it. Now you're going to get it," he growled. "Go on. Let me see you take it all off again."

Silently I obeyed, gazing all the while into those cold, cold eyes, until I stood there naked before him, my dick sticking out in front of me.

"Lie down."

I did as he said. The rocks were wet but warm in the sun. I stared wide-eyed as he removed his shirt and boots and then pulled down his worn jeans. I was stunned by the length and thickness of his dick, and his nuts were the size of tennis balls. I had never seen equipment like that. At first I didn't know what he was doing when he took out a rubber and put it on. I swear to God, I had never seen one. My experience had been limited to the night in the college dorm when one of the guys climbed in bed with me—a fumbling, quick encounter that neither of us spoke about the next day.

Now, here I was in the great outdoors, naked and alone with a large, powerful, willful man. My breathing got faster with the rush of excitement as he took a tube of something and smeared it all over the rubber on his cock.

He smiled. I panicked.

"Wait, wait!" I said. "I don't think I can do this. I've never done this before."

"It isn't a question of whether or not you're going to do it, kid," he said. "Believe me, you're going to do it. It's just a question of how long it's going to take me to get it in."

I started to get up, but he pushed me back down and lay on top of me. He pulled my legs up into the air and held them there with easy, confident strength.

"Go ahead and struggle, kid. Struggle all you want. I kind of like it. Some bastards'd tell you this isn't going to hurt. But believe me, it's going to. It'll stop after a while, though. You'll get used to it, and then you won't want me to take it out."

His body gave off a subtle muskiness, a man-smell I had caught whiffs of before but never from the body of someone looming over me with such power and determination. The smell excited me, and my excitement was stronger than my fear. We were here to do this together, and I had my part.

I felt a slick finger pushing into my ass, and I winced a little.

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I was stunned at the size and heft of his meaty cock. Here I was naked and alone with this large, powerful man. His smell was intoxicating. I would do whatever he told me; I wanted to taste him, lick him, and feel him inside me. I wanted to be his forever.

"That's right. That's it. Just get used to that a little."

Another finger eased in with the first one, and my dick swelled up so hard that it hurt. Then another finger, and I felt myself starting to lose all control. I heard animal moans and realized they were coming from my own throat. He moved the fingers back and forth, and I moaned louder.

"How long have you been wanting this and not getting? How long, baby? Huh? Well, you're going to get it now."

He pulled his fingers out and immediately pushed the head of his dick up against my asshole and left it there. I waited. All around us was the spray from the waterfall and bright sunlight and the smell of pine needles. I waited. I looked up at him, into those cold blue eyes. He smiled down at me.

"Say please," he said.

"Please, please." My voice was trembling. "Please, please, please."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure. Please, now, now."

"Please now what? What do you want me to do with this big fat dick? Tell me what you want."

"I want you to fuck me. Please. I want you to fuck me. Please fuck me. Please fuck me. Please. . ." And I screamed as he suddenly thrust the head of his dick up my ass.

"Tell me some more. Tell me some more. Would you like to have all of it? Do you want it? Tell me. Tell me now."

It hurt like hell. And I wanted it. I was dizzy with the smell of him all mixed up with the water and pine needles. "Oh, yes, yes. Please, yes. Please let me have it, let me have it. Jesus! Jesus!" I screamed as the walls of my ass widened under the pressure of his dick forcing its way maybe an inch more up inside of me. I thought I was going to be split in two. "Wait! Please, oh please, wait!"

He bent forward and down and stuck his tongue down my throat again. Then in one smooth motion he wrapped his arms around me and pulled me up against his hairy chest and thrust his arms under me so that I ended up sitting on top of his dick, straddling his body, both of us sitting upright. My ass opened up more in that position, and I slid right down his dick until the whole shaft was up in me and my ass was resting on his legs. He gripped me under my armpits and began to raise and lower me on his greasy shaft.

"Now we got it. Now we got it," he kept saying over and over. I felt his body start to shake. "Now, now, now. . ." was all he could say, and then even that dissolved into animal moans. His eyes rolled back in their sockets, and his mouth hung open. He moved me up and down harder and harder, and with my feet on the rocks, I was helping now. His whole body shuddered, and I felt the swelling and throbbing of his dick. It was my first time with any man, but as he yelled his head off, I knew that he had spewed his load into the rubber. He held me tighter, panting and half laughing at the same time.

"Don't take it out. Please don't take it out," I pleaded.

"Don't worry, kid. Take it easy."

He let go of me and lay back on the rocks so that I was left sitting on his prone body, looking down at his powerful shoulders, his broad chest, and all that silky black hair. I started working my dick with my hand while continuing to look down at the massive, muscular body gasping and laughing and shaking beneath me. I beat off good and hard, relishing the feel of his dick still swollen and erect inside me. God, this was where I wanted to be, where I had always been meant to be! Harder and harder I beat off, riding my first real man.

"Come on now, baby boy. Come on. Let me see it. Let me see what you've got. Give it to me now. Shoot it."

His talk drove me wild. This was for him, for his eyes. I felt it start deep down inside of me. It welled up and surged out—and I was coming, coming, coming! I shot all over his hairy chest. I had never shot so much in my life. The more I unloaded on him, the more he laughed, but I could still see the steely hardness in his eyes.

When I was done, I just sat there for a while, spent as I had never been spent before. It was just us, the spray, the sunlight, the rocks, and the rushing thunder of the waterfall.

After a while he eased me over onto my back again and, for a few moments, lay on top of me. Then I felt him make a move to pull out.

"Please don't," I said.

"Gotta go."

"No, please, no."

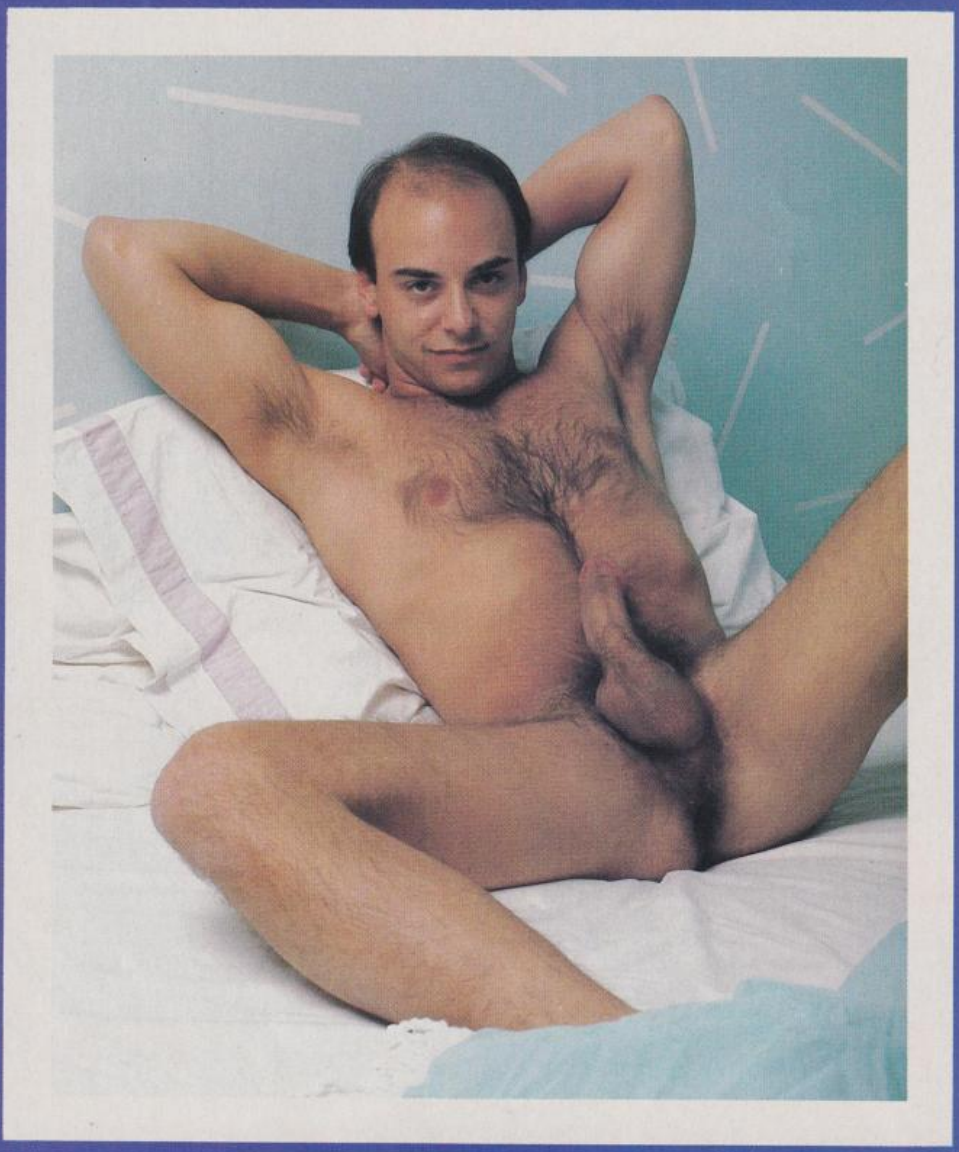
"Gotta go."

He pulled out slowly, and his cock felt bigger than ever as the full length of it slithered out of me and I realized just how much I had had up my ass.

I lay there and watched him dress. He didn't watch me. I felt powerless, too drained to do anything but lie still and feel the sun and wait. He turned to go—to go without me, I realized, to just leave me there

"Thanks, kid. See ya."

He slowly walked away, never looking back. I was there for a long time, naked, still, and alone. My mind drifted ahead to the arrival of my mom and dad, to the resumption of our familiar summer routine. Everything would be the same as always. Nothing would ever be the same again. ■



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Section photographed by Robert Laliberte

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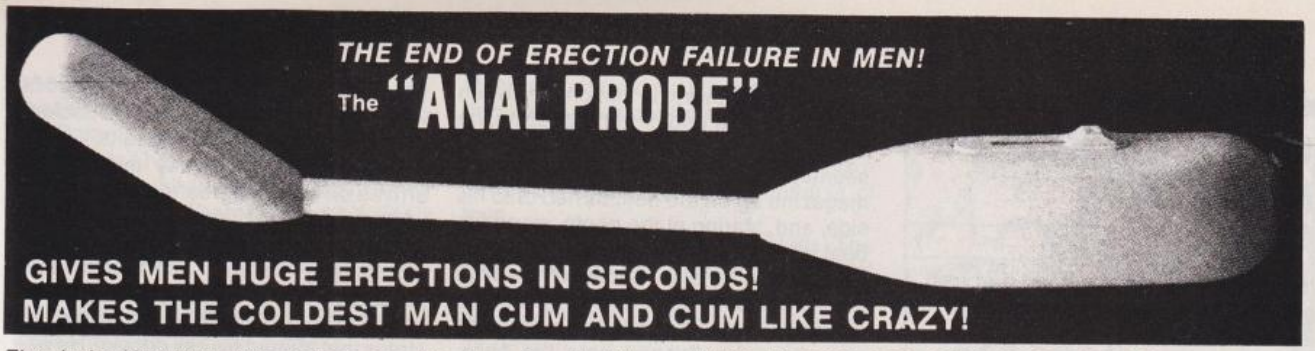
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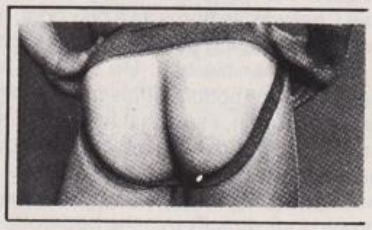

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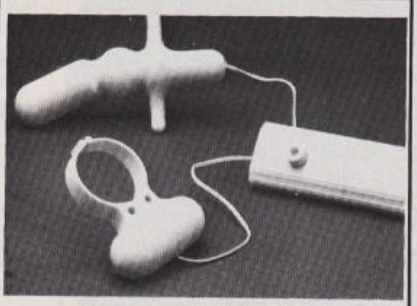

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COCKSUCKER'S DELIGHT!

Continued from page 12

remembered what my friend had said. I came into the house and brushed my teeth.

The next morning Chet ran down the alley as usual, and that night the blind was up in his bedroom, a soft glow illuminating the room. I saw him pass the window wearing the bottoms of an old pair of gray sweats. The bulge in the crotch indicated that Chet was as horny as a billy goat, and I saw him groping himself as he went into a closet near his bed. He stooped and searched the bottom of his closet. When he stood again, I saw that he had a hardcore fuck magazine in his hand. I moved across my porch to the far end nearest his window. By standing on the narrow railing, I could look directly into the bedroom, his bed in my direct line of vision. Chet was lying on his bed, propped up on two large navy blue pillows, his tracks down around his thighs as he looked at the magazine and played with his hard cock.

He took his time, at least a full hour before he came. He looked at each page, his right hand always in motion, and when he reached the end of the magazine, he turned back to the one photo that he seemed to like the most. He propped the magazine up on the bed, turned onto his side, and, staring at the photo, started to beat off in earnest. He jacked so fast his fist seemed to blur. Suddenly his legs tensed, his belly started heaving, and he unloaded all over the magazine. When he was done, he flopped onto his back, squeezed his balls gently, reached for the bedside lamp, and turned it off. The magazine was still on the bed.

In the shower next morning, I came up with a plan to seduce Chet Hawkins. I loved my teeth, but dammit, I was going to take a chance that maybe the timing was right and ol' Chet was ready for more than a fuck book and a jack-off session. If I was wrong, I was going to have a helluva dentist bill.

It was so simple—ice-cold beer, food, and a video tape featuring one of the hottest big-titted blondes in skin flicks. Of course I didn't tell him about the video. I made a friendly inquiry about his wife—who, it turned out, was with her sister, who had just given birth to twins—and then I invited him to join me for a snack and a video of highlights from the Goodwill Games. He was eager to see the tape, plus his wife wouldn't be back for another week, and he was tired of eating out of cans. I decided to skip cold cuts and grill steaks.

The following Saturday evening, he arrived on my patio wearing a thin pair of white tracks. The material was so old and overwashed that I could see he was wearing nothing under it but that coveted jockstrap. I envied the soft pouch that contained those overloaded balls and the straps that framed his ass cheeks. He was glistening from the humid air, and he wore no shirt to hide that broad, hairy chest. His bare feet were solid and broad, the toes large and well groomed. The only flaw that I could see, and one he was quick to point out himself, was the extreme shortness of his fingernails and the embedded grease under them that was impossible to remove even with gasoline. His hands were very large, the hands of a hard-working man, the hands of a basketball player. His walk was lazy, from the hips, the walk of a barefoot cowboy or a football player after a losing game. The heat seemed to sap all of his strength, and mine, but not my determination. We'd take it slow, I decided, nice and slow.

He flopped onto a plastic-webbed lounge chair. "If this heat wave doesn't end soon, I'm gonna melt. Damn! My bedroom is so hot I've moved downstairs to sleep in the TV room. But even the couch is hot."

I handed him a cold beer. He gulped it in long swallows, one hand scratching at the waistband of his white tracks.

"Those steaks smell great. I'm so sick of pork 'n' beans and sandwiches I could puke." Another long gulp. "And I've got some kind of heat rash." The long fingers scratched inside the legs of his tracks close to his groin.

"I've got some spray in the house if you need it," I offered.

"Maybe later. I'm too beat to get up. We've had a helluva day at the garage, and this heat makes everyone a litte edgy. Ever notice how no one seems to smile in heat like this?" The hand was down the front of his shorts scratching under the pouch of the jock.

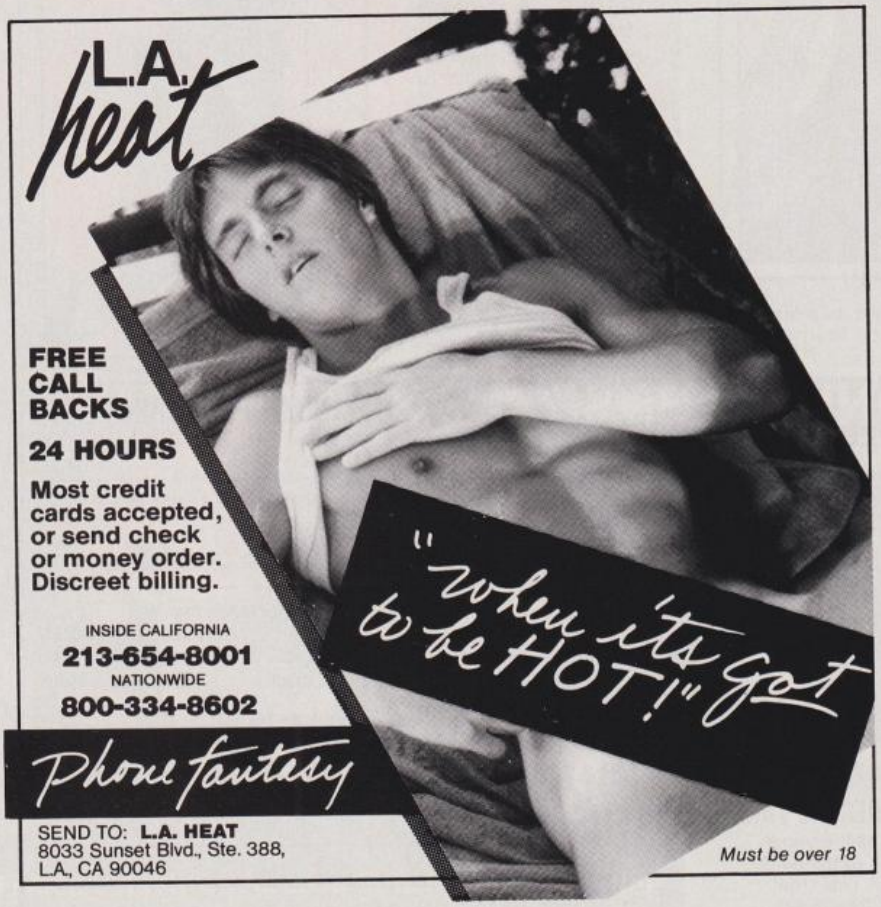
"You sure you don't want that spray? It's a clear liquid. It won't stain."

"Maybe I should, or I'm gonna itch to death."

I got the spray and handed it to him. Without rising, he shook the can, pulled his tracks down under his balls, and sprayed his groin. Up close, his balls seemed larger than when I'd seen him naked in his bedroom.

"That's a help," he said. Standing, he straddled the lounge and held the can up under his balls. "Hope no one sees me doin' this," he laughed. "They might think I'm some kind of a pervert. Hey, how about spraying my ass?"

I took the can, and he lowered his shorts, bent over, and spread his butt cheeks. The crack was filled with dark, tangled hair. I



shakily directed the nozzle toward the musky crack and pushed the button.

"Damn, that stuff smarts a little." He placed his fingers inside the cleavage of his butt and rubbed gently, wetting the hair with the spray. "Yeah, that's got it. Feels better."

I moved away, not wanting to, and he pulled up his shorts, sighed, and flopped back onto the lounge chair. He gulped down his beer, sucking it dry.

"Mind if I have another?"

I handed him another from the ice bucket.

"I think I'm gonna have to shave," he said. "This beard is drivin' me crazy." Scratch, scratch. He crossed his ankles, pulling his balls up as he did.

"The wife okay?" I asked, turning the steaks. "It's a shame she had to go help her sister, considering your wife's condition."

"Yeah, I didn't want her to go, but she and her sister are real tight, and well, you know women."

"She's close to her time, isn't she?"

"Yeah. I'll be damned glad when it's all over. It's hard on a man." He realized how that sounded and started to laugh. "Man, you can say that again. Hard *on* and hard *up*." He laughed again and rubbed his crotch. "This spike hasn't seen pussy for so long it's about ready to give up and fall in love with my hand. That don't cut it, I can tell ya." More laughter. "I feel like a jack-happy teenager again. I thought that was all over a long time ago, and here I am acting like a boy scout seein' his first porno flick. The more I do it, the more it wants."

"It must be hell being married and horny and knowing you can't do anything but shake your fist."

"It comes with the ring," he said, pointing to his gold band. "Ain't it a crock? The same inches that helped make the rug rat gets punished for makin' it."

He drained the second beer and helped himself to another. The damp tracks clung to his ass, and the straps under his butt cheeks framed the globes of muscle—work of art rarely seen in an art gallery, living flesh beckoning like a lighthouse to a shipwrecked sailor—me.

"Damn," he said, walking to the grill, "I hope that meat's about ready. This beer is gettin' to me. I ain't eat since noon, at the garage. Peanut butter crackers and a cola. I'm starved."

He pawed his crotch again. I could smell the heat and musk of his body. He stood close to me, one arm around my shoulder.

"I sure thank you for this, man. You're a helluva good neighbor."

He slapped my ass and flopped onto the lounge again. The sun had finally started to set, and I had to admit I was just as hungry as Chet. Hungry *for* Chet. I fantasized him sitting there on the lounge naked except for that coveted jock, with a hard-on, a beer in one hand, and my head in the other as I chewed on his cock and balls through the pouch. I almost burned the steaks.

"Damn! This is so good it's givin' me a hard," Chet said between mouthfuls of food.

I glanced at his wide-spead legs. The steak was good, but I didn't think it was *that* good. And I could think of better things to eat. Chet had no idea what I had planned for dessert.

He stuffed salad into his mouth, and the dressing glistened on his full lips. He relished the food, never speaking, his concentration absorbed by the rare meat. In another age, he would have eaten with both hands. I almost expected him to wipe his hands on his hairy chest, growling as he devoured the food. I noticed that he scissored his legs in and out as he ate. I'd once read that that action was a form of masturbation. I'd seen school boys as well as grown men perform the same act in public.

After sunset, ground fog rose around us, which made the humidity even worse. Somewhere in the neighborhood, dogs were fighting, but their hearts didn't seem to be in it. It was just too hot.

We talked about our work, Chet's garage, and finally got to sports. It was time to view the video tape of the games, so we moved inside. The house was as hot as a sauna.

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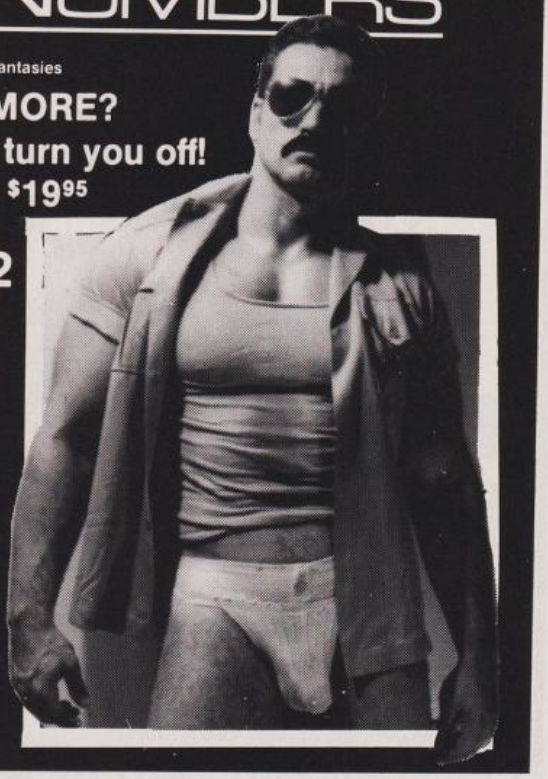

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"This is the last summer I go through with out air conditioning," I said, meaning it.

Chet sprawled on the couch, one hairy leg thrown over the low back, his hand pawing at his crotch.

"Itch again?"

He gave me a lopsided grin. "Nah, just horny. That spray helped."

I pushed the button and the tape started. Four minutes later the tape stopped. I honestly hadn't planned that; it just happened.

"I should've put this on a more expensive tape. Sorry, Chet."

"Got any hot ones?"

Was fate good to me or what? I didn't even have to suggest a fuck tape. I grinned and inserted the cassette into the deck, the one with the hot Swedish blonde. Forget plot. The blonde passes a construction site and puts out to the whole crew; that's it. But Chet was damned impressed by the blonde

"Gawd damn! She's wild!" His hand rubbed over his swelling crotch. Soon the overwashed jock could barely contain his three piece set. A large spot of pre-cum seeped through his jock pouch and the white tracks. Never taking his eyes from the screen, he shoved one hand down the front of his tracks and started playing with his cock, not seeming to care that I was in the room with him. He was lost in the video. As the hot blonde went down on one hard cock after another, while being fucked from behind, Chet started to jack off inside his tracks.

"Geeze, does that girl suck cock! Come to Papa!"

I had a strong hunch that Chet couldn't last through the ninety-minute tape. He was damned close to unloading right in his tracks. He was beating his cock very rapidly, and he was putting out pre-cum like a leaky roof on a rainy night.

"Damn, I could go for some of that head. That chick knows how to suck cock. Lookit her gobble that raw meat."

"Need it bad, huh, Chet?"

"Yeah."

"Bad enough to get head from anyone?"

"Yeah . . . anyone," he said without taking his eyes off the screen. Then slowly the words registered in his sex-fogged brain, and he turned to look at me. His eyes narrowed. "You're kiddin', right? You ain't—nah, shit, you wouldn't . . ."

I did. I walked right over to him and pulled off his tracks, and swallowed his boner. He moaned and held my head down and fucked my mouth.

"Oh, shit! Suck those inches," he growled.

I almost gagged. He was pumping his ass and hips so hard that the couch was almost ready to collapse. Then suddenly, he stopped.

"I don't want to come yet."

I moved to his balls, which were wet with his healthy sweat, and, holding on to the jock pouch, I went further south. He moaned and took my head in his hands and placed my mouth back over his cock.

"Suck around the head."

My tongue played around the huge, over-stimulated cockhead, picking up speed as I licked under the enflamed rim.

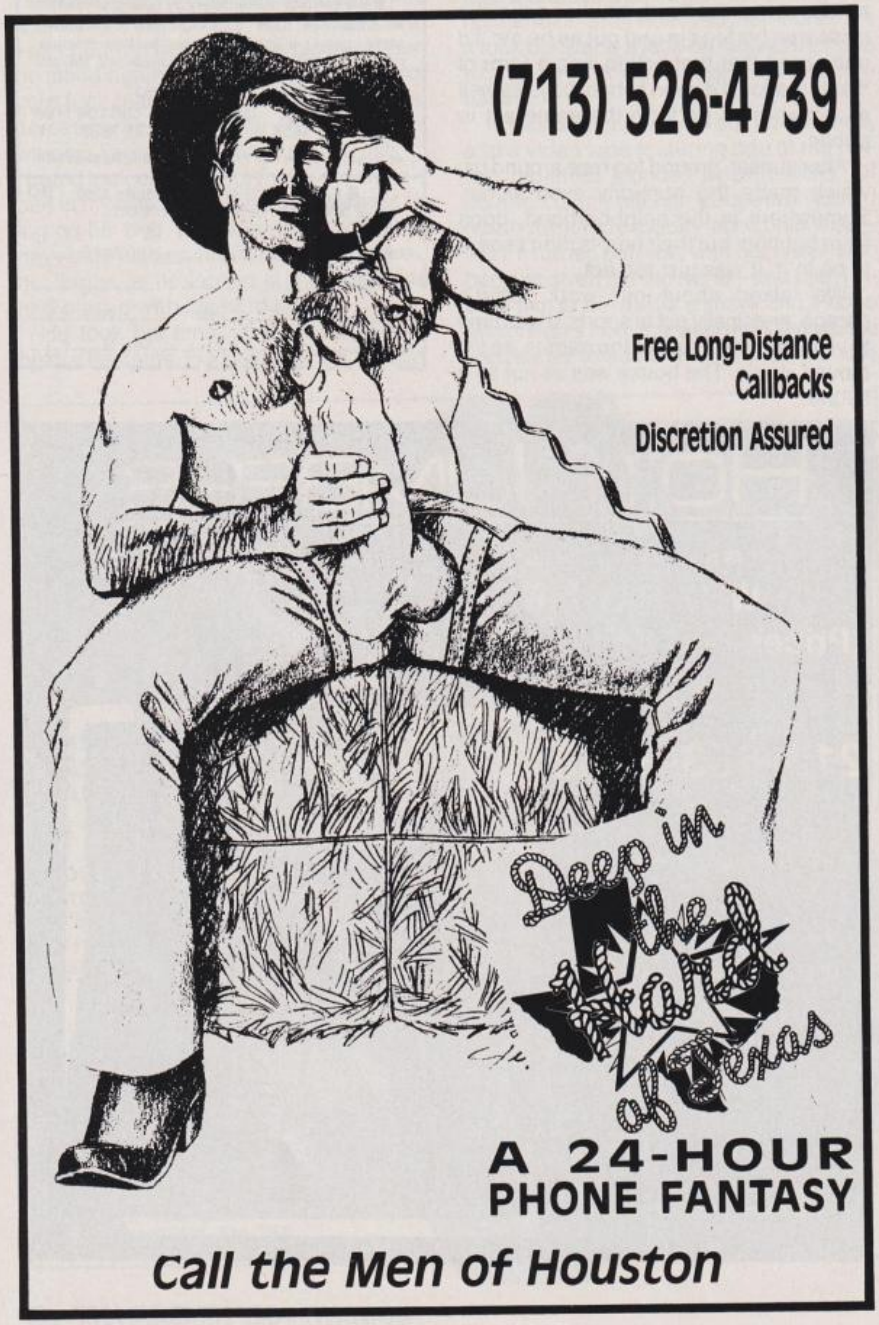
"Can't hold it," he gasped. "Take it, man, now! All the way down!"

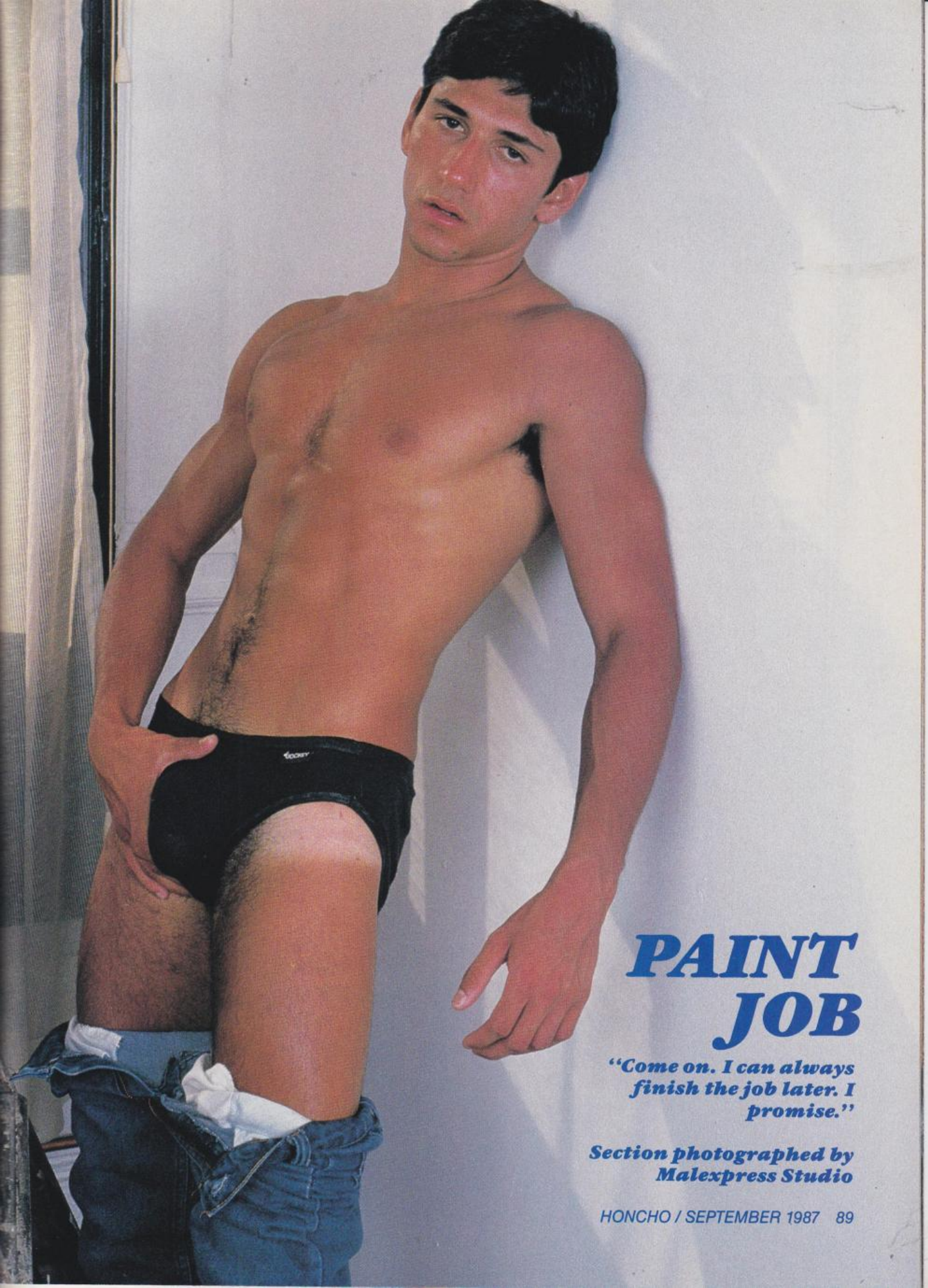
My mouth slid to his base as he fucked my throat. When he fountained, he raised his legs and squeezed them around my head until I almost suffocated. He was grunting and sweating as if he'd just stepped from a hot shower. I carefully placed a fingertip inside his tight, wet asshole. He yelled loudly and forced my head farther down on his cock.

Finally, he relaxed, totally relaxed. I let some of his cum drip from my lips onto the jock pouch which was as wet now as if he'd just washed it.

I heard him chuckle softly. "Dinner and dessert. Shit, you cookin' tomorrow?"

Much later, two tapes later, in fact, Chet ambled back across the yard to his house. I stood holding the coveted jockstrap, my prize for a job well done. I'm happy to report my dentist won't make a red cent from me this month. ■





PAINT JOB

"Come on. I can always finish the job later. I promise."

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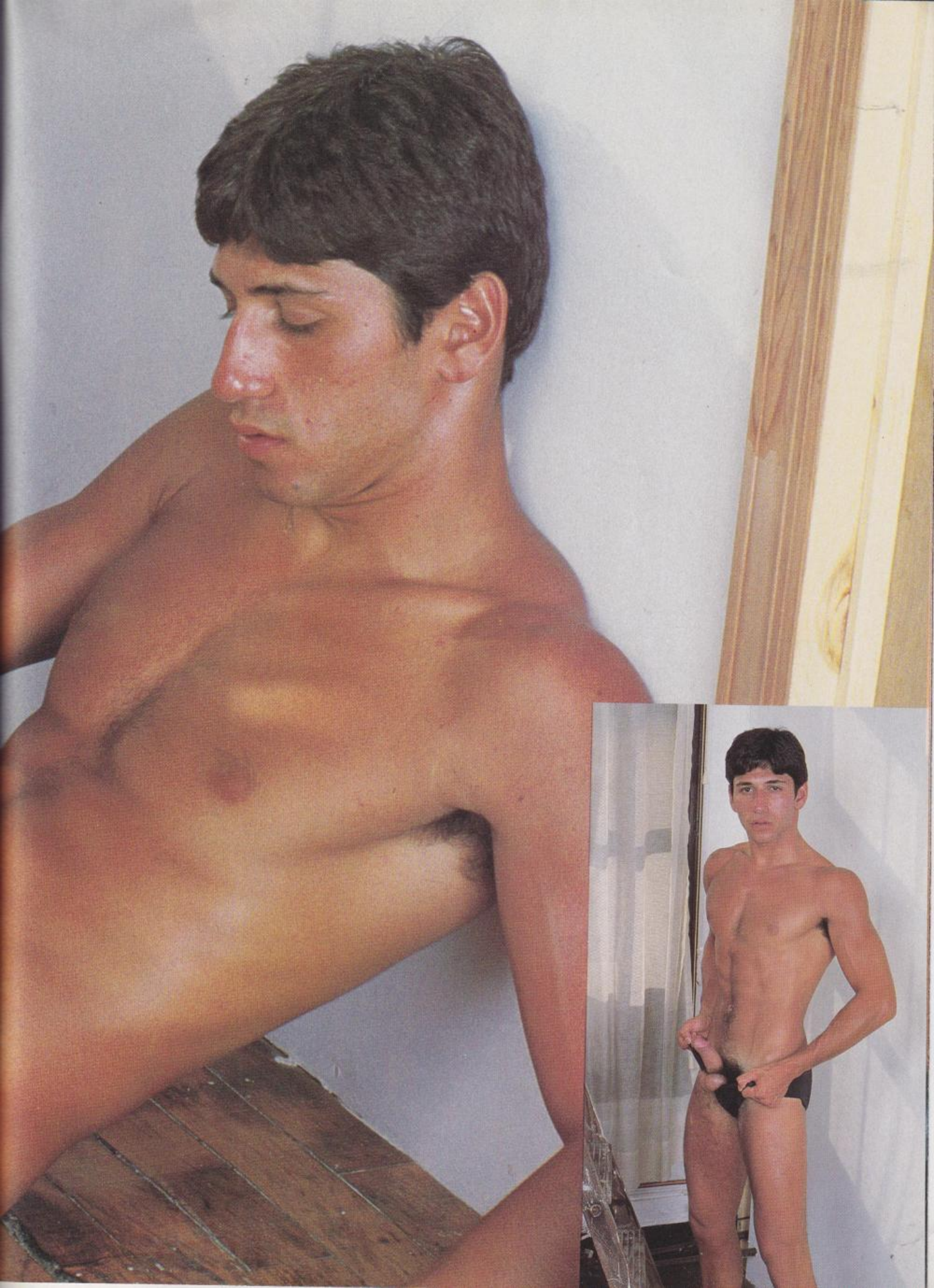
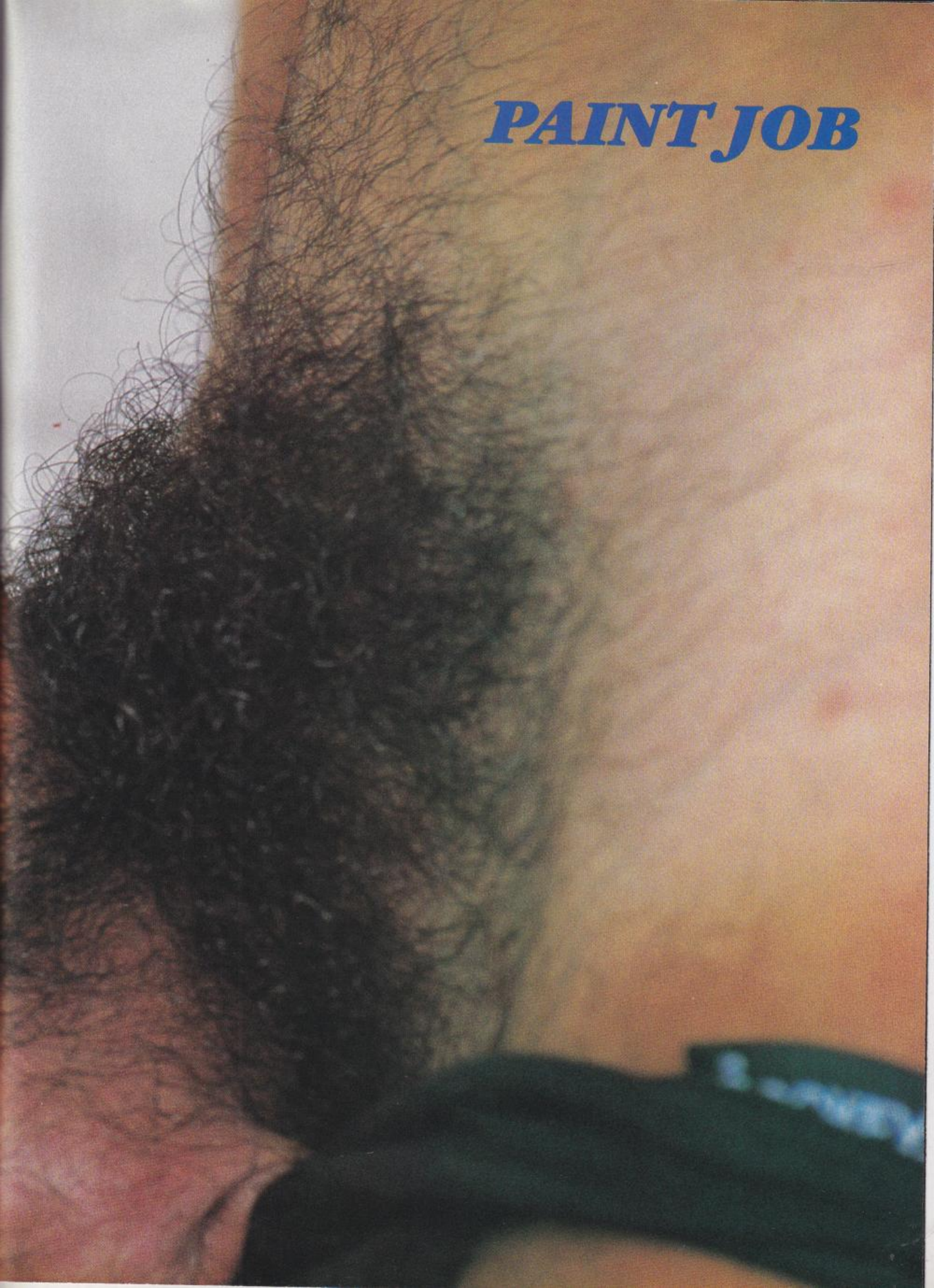
PAINT JOB
"I was thinking of a different kind of brush stroke. How about it?"

PAINT JOB

"I always work better after mixing it up."

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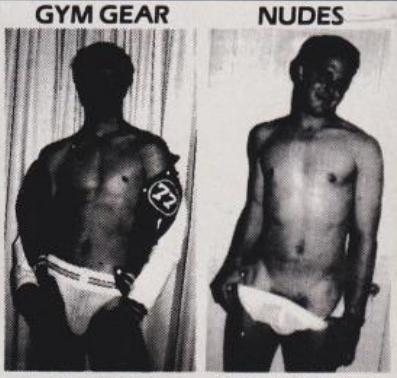

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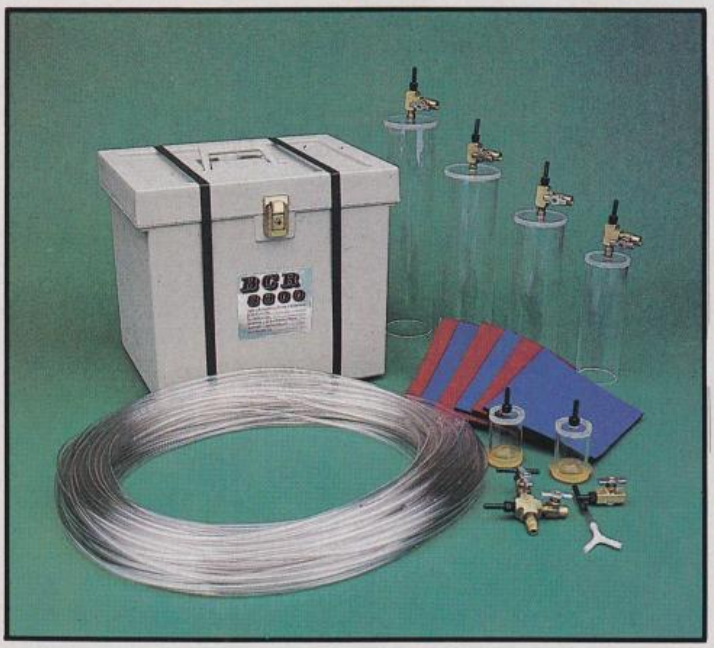

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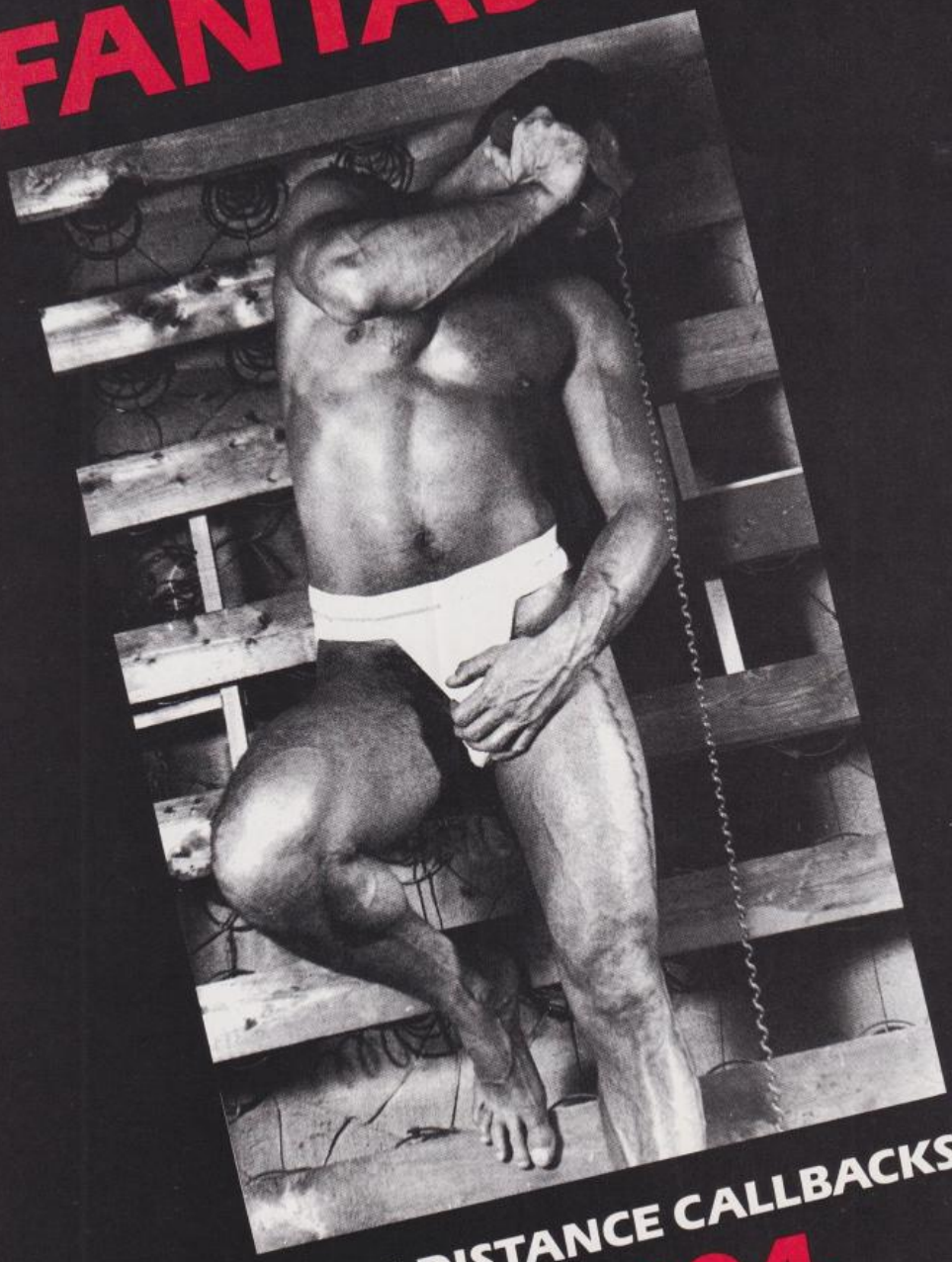

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